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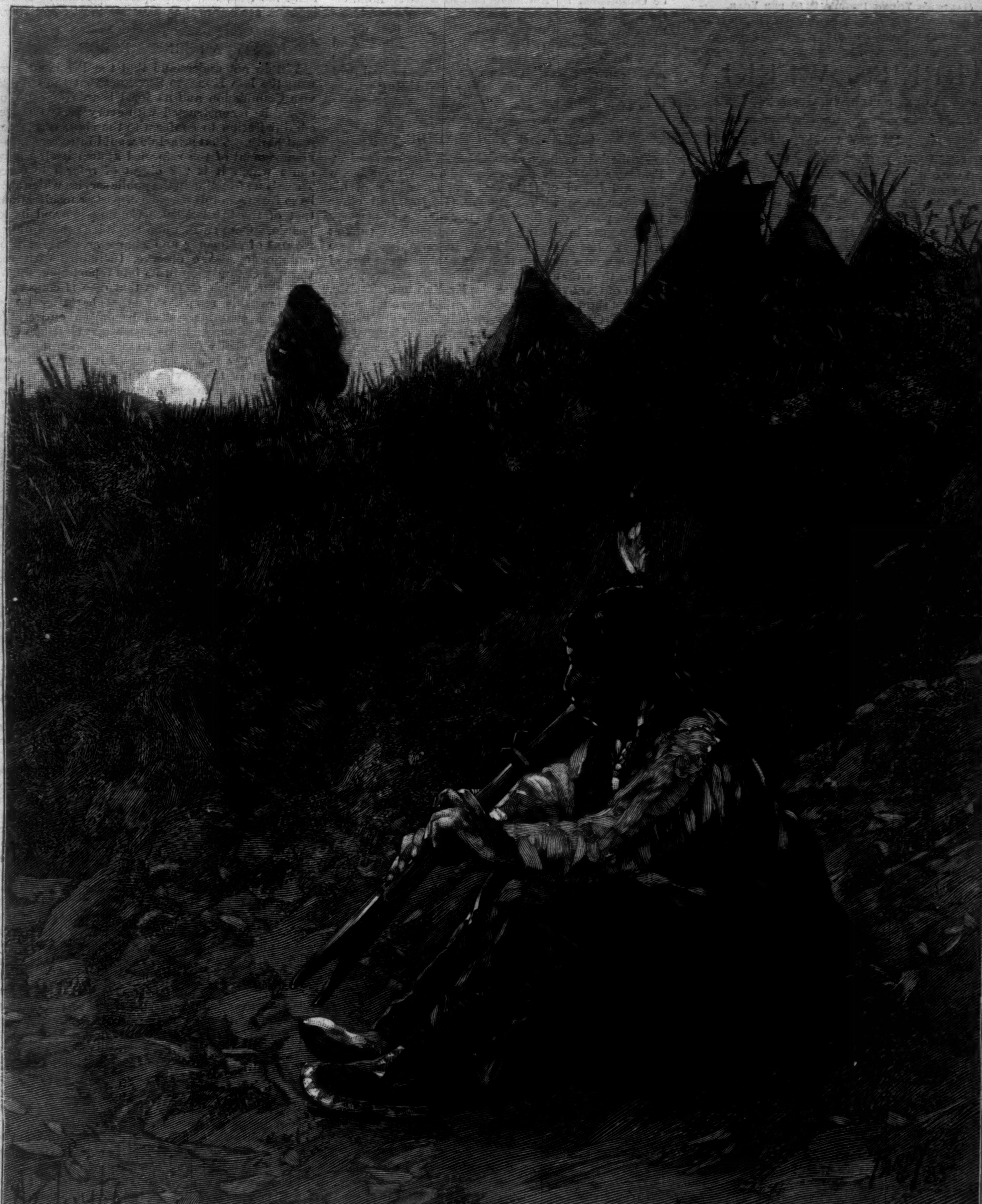

A CHEYENNE COURTSHIP.—DRAWN BY H. F. FARNY.—[SEE PAGE 471.]

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An Illustrated Weekly.

The fiction in the current number includes the fifth instalment of the serial story "False Witness," by Lucy C. Lillie; *the second part of "A Nautical Experiment," by* Kirk Munroe; *and a short story by* Matthew White, Jun., *entitled "Aunt Lou's Pug." All these are illustrated.*

The principal article in the number is

ARCHERY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.
By MAURICE THOMPSON,
Author of "The Witchery of Archery," etc.

Mr. Thompson *is at once the most experienced archer in this country and the most noted of writers on this picturesque and invigorating pastime. The article is accompanied by a full-page illustration by* Albert S. Sterner.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, July 24, 1886.

PARTY CANT.

MR. GEORGE FREDERICK WILLIAMS, the orator of the Fourth of July in Boston, has been severely censured for taking the occasion to point out the perils of party spirit. He is accused of wailing over the country as if it were far gone in political decay, and reminded that other men take a more cheerful view. Our impression is, however, that Mr. Williams is not only not a pessimist, but a man who believes with a most cheerful faith that the moral vigor of the country is quite equal to saving itself by withstanding both the cant and the sophistry of party spirit, and that he is in himself a very good illustration of the political independence and courage without which party spirit would go far to justify the most dismal foreboding. The truth is that Mr. Williams is assailed not because he deprecates the stupidity of party spirit, but because he was a Mugwump in '84—a sin in which he counts a great multitude of unrepentant fellow-sinners. As for his exposure of the tendency and consequences of party spirit, he merely cites and elaborates the counsels of Washington, whose warnings are as solemn and earnest as warnings can be, and he quotes Senator Hoar's vivid description, in his speech at the Belknap impeachment, of the startling facts which he had observed in public life.

The general answer to such warnings as those of Washington, and to the refusal of citizens always to vote with their party, or to their resolution to vote against their party upon proper occasion, is that government is practically possible only by means of party, and that a man must sacrifice his individual wishes and preferences to those of the majority of his associates, and in any case support his party, as upon the whole the best agency to secure the public ends that he approves. With one condition, this view is accepted by every Mugwump known to us. That organization is necessary to secure public objects is undeniable, and undenied by any sensible man. That in every such organization the majority must prevail is equally undeniable. That every friend of the object sought will yield personal preference of candidates and methods to the choice of the majority, unless in his judgment such yielding involves injury to the object sought greater than would result from the temporary defeat of the organization, is equally undeniable. But to insist that because a man adheres to a party he must always do what the party requires, and do nothing to defeat its desire, is to argue that upon a point of the most solemn duty he ought to prefer the will of others to the command of his own conscience. That is, of course, a preposterous proposition to a man of sense. But when he knows by what means party majorities in Conventions are secured, to tell him that it is his sacred duty to disobey his conscience in order to conform to the majority is delightfully ridiculous. The action of the New York Republican Convention in 1882 was believed to have been affected by a forged telegram, and its action was repudiated by an enormous number of Republicans, many of whom emphasized their protest by voting for the Democratic candidate. They did well, and it was absurd to tell them that they were rebelling against the majority. Their reply was that it was not an honest majority. But it is not necessary to have a forged telegram to produce a dishonest majority, and therefore a majority whose action is not binding even upon those who acknowledge that the voice of the majority should be respected.

It is not enough for an honest party man that the party majority has prescribed his course. He requires the act of an honest majority. Other honest party men go farther, and demand that the action of the honest majority shall not require them to violate their sense of public duty. If it does, they will either simply refuse to obey, or they will make their refusal effective by actively opposing the requirement. That is what the Mugwumps did. They were denounced as canting Pharisees. But if the cant of Phariseeism be exasperating, the cant of Party is contemptible. The Mugwumps did not assert that party was useless, or that government could be carried on without party, or that the true position was to balance between parties and vote now with one, now with another. They said that they wouldn't vote for an unfit candidate because he was regularly nominated, nor agree that the election of an unfit candidate was essential to the prosperity of the country, and to secure his defeat they would support an honest candidate pledged to honest government. They did not, therefore, as Professor Woodburn, of the Indiana University, recently said, "bolt their party to bring about a sort of neutralism in the administration of the government," but to prevent the election of a candidate whose fitness they denied, and whose fitness could not be established by the mere fact of a party nomination. If Professor Woodburn has made himself familiar with Mugwumps, he cannot doubt that under similar circumstances they "would do it again." And if, as Senator John J. Ingalls, of Kansas, affirms, the American citizens who take that course are political eunuchs, the effective continuity of existing parties is in great danger.

CARLYLE AND FROUDE.

In the last number of the *New Princeton Review*, Professor Charles Eliot Norton, of Cambridge, a personal friend of Carlyle, and the editor of his correspondence with Emerson, Goethe, and other friends, points out the essential violation of trust by Mr. Froude in editing the manuscripts of Carlyle which he has published. In all literary history there has not been a more sudden and complete reaction of feeling than that produced by the posthumous publication of Carlyle's papers by Mr. Froude. Yet Mr. Norton shows conclusively, from his personal knowledge of Carlyle and by his admirable analysis of his temperament and genius, that this is largely due to the editing, or rather want of editing, by the very friend whom Carlyle himself selected as his editor. With great skill, felicity, and insight Mr. Norton portrays Carlyle, admitting the reader to a delightful glimpse of him as he was, with his melancholy moods, his "sad sincerity," his marvellous humor, and extraordinary gift of humorous expression, of which he was himself a victim in a certain sense, swept away upon the sparkling flow of his own picturesque exaggeration, in which, however, his intense earnestness was always evident.

His literary style, strange and fascinating as it is, is essentially colloquial. He wrote as he talked, and he talked out of the fulness of his mind and heart, with infinite suggestions and shades and hints of meaning, with a satire which was unjust unless interpreted by the twinkling fun and tenderness of speech with which it was delivered, and a severity which seemed cynical unless sweetened by the pathos of uncompromising sincerity. Nothing in all the posthumous Carlyle publications stung more generally and more painfully than the allusions to Charles Lamb. But the key which Mr. Norton furnishes shows that they were not cruel and flippant sneers, but the impatience natural to a terribly earnest man with occasional weakness and lightness in others. At least, if we wish that Carlyle had been more sympathetic with that charming nature and rare genius, and more mindful of the essential heroism of that devoted life, his feeling does not seem to be merely dyspeptic and petty, as upon the unedited page of Froude. It is the fatal fault of Froude's conduct, and the tragical mischance of Carlyle, that in a very considerable degree Froude has been the interpreter to the world of his character and private life. If Carlyle's record of his most sacredly intimate and personal feelings and relations was to be published, it could be done justly to him only by the most conscientious supervision. Of this he was himself conscious, and in a note pasted at the end of the little manuscript volume containing the memorials of his wife he states that the record is of a nature not to bear publication except with the utmost judgment, and even then is hardly possible, and he thinks, evidently, that the whole should be destroyed. But his will left everything to the discretion of Mr. Froude, counting, of course, upon his sensitive care that nothing should be made public that for any reason affecting Carlyle or others ought not to see the light, and that everything should be so represented and explained—as, for instance, Mr. Norton has explained—that so far as possible the true spirit of the record and of all allusions in it should appear.

This was the essential spirit of Carlyle's confidential trust to the friendship of Froude, and how singularly and completely the trust has been disregarded Mr. Norton points out. So entire has been Mr. Froude's indifference that throughout the publications there are constant and absurd errors even in transcribing words and phrases from the manuscripts, as if literal accuracy in matters so unimportant were of no moment. With this technical carelessness it is not surprising that the higher and more important duty of an editor of such papers has been totally neglected. Throughout the work there is none of the constant presence of the sympathetic and interpreting editorial mind which instinctively perceives where the illuminating word should be spoken, and which speaks it unmistakably. Indeed, the peculiar violation of the spirit of the trust, whether it arises from the editor's incapacity or indifference—for no evil motive can be supposed—has a tragical result. The domestic life and the personal relations of Carlyle were singularly unknown to the public during his long life, and at the end, amid the universal sorrow at the departure of the most striking and powerful literary genius in England, a revelation of that life by his own hand is made to the world which amazes and alienates the public mind, yet a revelation which is essentially unjust, because unexplained by the friend sacredly charged to explain it. It will be long before the consequences of Mr. Froude's failure to comprehend his trust can be properly corrected. But Mr. Norton has begun the correction most effectively.

A SERIOUS ERROR.

We do not understand that the President agrees with the late Horatio Seymour that the Civil Service Commission and its local boards of examiners should be reconstructed with every party change of administration to conform to the views of the dominant party. That principle would introduce into the management of the reformed system itself the very abuse which it is the object of reform to correct. There is no function in the public service which should be so free from interference of party considerations as that of the Civil Service Commission and its local boards. Change in them should be made only for reasons of efficiency and character, and for proved delinquency. We observe, therefore, with regret that the Commission in its late report upon the Veazey case, which, so far as that case is concerned, is an admirable report, says that hereafter no local board of examiners shall be drawn entirely from members of the administration party. Such a regulation is wholly foreign to the purpose and spirit of reform. The board, so long as it is not wholly independent of the service, as it ought to be, should be composed of members drawn from various branches of the service, and selected solely for their intelligence, interest, and experience, without the slightest reference to party. Not only should not their party views be considered in the selection, but they should be as scrupulously excluded as the Commission rightfully insists that Mr. Veazey should have excluded them from his consideration, or even knowledge, in making appointments in the Baltimore Post-office.

If party considerations are to govern the selection of an examining board, they will certainly not end with the selection. Once introduced, they will remain to trouble every step of the proceedings. The first object of the board should be, as the Veazey report says, to discourage all knowledge of the political views of applicants. But it is an unpromising way to begin by carefully seeking that knowledge in the case of the examiners. The rule of the Commission presupposes that the examiners will be affected in their decisions by political sympathy. How is this to be avoided by taking care that the majority shall be of a particular party? How is it possible to avoid it except by rejecting the political consideration altogether? Moreover, the party qualification once deliberately introduced into the board will fatally affect the general opinion of its action, which will be naturally believed to be intentionally partisan. The concluding passages of the Veazey report imply pretty plainly that the organization of the examining boards has been so wholly partisan as to have affected the discharge of their duties, and it says that hereafter it is the purpose of the Commission that the action of the boards shall be non-partisan. This insinuation we believe to be absolutely unfounded, and we submit to the Commission that the selection under its rule of two well-known active politicians who do not even profess faith in the reformed system as chairman and secretary of the New York board, in place of two of the most thoroughly competent friends of reform who are in no sense whatever politicians, is not a guarantee of non-partisan action.

The cause of reform has now advanced so far, and it is so strongly intrenched in a wise public opinion, that professions and promises have ceased to be of importance. It is performance alone which is now serviceable. The summary dismissal of every officer who, like Veazey, foolishly prides himself upon technically outwitting the law, or of any other officer who, professing to obey its letter and spirit, violates both, would be not only an assurance of sincere and courageous purpose which is unmistakable, but of practical reform. The decisive condemnation by the Commission of Veazey's petty evasions is admirable, and its exposition of the duty of appointing officers to observe the spirit as well as the letter of the reform act is conclusive. That, indeed, is the test of fidelity. The reform law is to be served in the spirit or not at all. It is that alone which gives life, here as elsewhere. The reason of the law applies to the whole service, to every nomination of the President and every appointment of the heads of departments, as well as to the fifteen thousand minor places to which it literally attaches. It is perfectly possible to conform strictly to the letter of the law and yet to baffle and discredit reform.

AFTER THE ENGLISH ELECTION.

THE appeal of Mr. GLADSTONE to England in favor of home rule has failed totally. His defeat is signal. Yet some of the results of the agitation are of the utmost significance. It has made Irish home rule the great issue of English politics, and has transformed the Liberal party into a home rule party. It has also forced the Tory party, which is an organization without principles or purpose except what BEACONSFIELD called British interests, to hang out reform colors. By thus facilitating the solution of the oldest and most perplexing of public questions, it has been of the greatest value to the country. Another striking result of the agitation, as shown by the figures of the election, is the uncertainty of a large part of the Liberal party. In a poll of something less than three millions of votes the anti-GLADSTONE majority may be about one hundred thousand, while the Tories in the House will not have a working majority. This result shows that if the full Liberal vote had come out, Mr. GLADSTONE probably would have been sustained.

Another result of the agitation, and one also of the highest value, was the distinct and honorable declaration of Mr. PARNELL that home rule does not mean separation. The two effective anti-GLADSTONE weapons were the assertion that the land bill proposed to tax Englishmen enormously to pay Irish landlords for land from which no returns could be assured, and that an Irish Legislature means Irish independence and Irish alliance with a foreign and perhaps hostile power. Thus the land bill, which was meant to propitiate capital, was used to alienate labor, and Irish home rule figured as British decadence. This last cry, which was a stirring and searching appeal to British pride, was fairly silenced by Mr. PARNELL's solemn avowal that his party did not ask nor desire separation, and his manly declaration that if Ireland should attempt separation, England could overwhelm the island and crush the endeavor. It was no answer to this to say that PARNELL lied, or that even if he could be supposed to tell the truth the ignorant Irish purpose of separation would sweep him away. It was a strong anti-GLADSTONE contention, also, that home rule was not a unanimous demand of Ireland, and that a third of the Irish people would oppose it to the death. So LECKY says of the Revolutionary movement for independence in this country, that it was not a movement of the whole people. But the event showed that practically the Revolution was the act of the people, despite colonial Tory hostility.

The most touching episodes of the angry agitation were the breach between GLADSTONE and BRIGHT, and the respectful tone toward the Liberal leader of Lord HARTINGTON, who led the Liberal opposition. He was never betrayed into any word of reproach or vituperation that he could ever regret, and the evident sincerity of his sorrow in differing from a man whom he plainly loved and revered gave great weight and dignity to all his speeches. There is incessant and profuse speculation upon Mr. GLADSTONE's future course. But whatever betides, it may be assumed that he will remain the leader of the imperial home rule party, and however the object may be attained, he will pass into history as the English Liberator of Ireland.

INVITING A VETO.

THE River and Harbor Bill has come to be regarded as a reckless bill. The veto of the bill of 1882 by President ARTHUR was one of the most popular acts of his administration, and it was observed that many Representatives who voted to pass the bill over the veto were defeated in the Congressional elections that followed. The Democratic House has "piled up" an enormous bill of the same kind, against the warning of the New York *Sun*, late BUTLER, now anti-CLEVELAND Democratic, organ, and the Republican Senate has largely increased it, against the admonitions of the New York *Tribune*, late Mugwump and Judas Iscariot, now Republican, organ.

The Senate has approved the purchase of the Sturgeon Bay and Lake Michigan Ship Canal in Wisconsin, which the *Tribune* correspondent denounces as "one of the worst jobs ever attached to a River and Harbor Bill," and which Senator EDMUNDS exposed in the Senate, and Senator INGALLS called "an impudent and shameless speculation." The Senate is Republican, and only four votes were recorded against the job and speculation. It has also approved a similar job in the case of two other companies, and it has also approved the Hennepin Canal enterprise. The Democratic House is to be held responsible for the jobs which it originates and approves, and so is the Republican Senate. But it is not by such action that either party commends itself to the country.

The River and Harbor Bill of '82 was a very serious blow to the Republican party, and the salary grab of a dozen years ago was exceedingly fatal. But a little salary grab for the employés has just passed the House, for which the Republican vote is more responsible than the Democratic. The Democratic vote was 45 ayes and 74 noes, the Republican 71 ayes and 30 noes. The Democratic majority is undoubtedly responsible for the action of the House. But when the record comes to be investigated upon the stump and in the press during the autumn elections, it is by no means certain that the Republican majority of 41 votes for this little grab will be forgiven in view of the Democratic responsibility. It is extraordinary that a party which wishes to return to power, and can return only by recovering the confidence of those whom it has alienated, should be guilty of this River and Harbor vote in the Senate, of the wretched little grab vote in the House, of the liquor vote in the New York Legislature, and of the immense vote to repeal the civil service reform law in the Massachusetts Legislature.

PHARISAIC FIGURES.

THE friends of a free vote and a fair count, as well as Republicans who wish the Republican vote to represent Republican feeling, and not fraud and corruption, will be interested in the following communication. The compiler is evidently a canting Pharisee:

"*Editor of 'Harper's Weekly'*:

"Your editorial on the statement of Mr. GEORGE BLISS that a large sum of money was contributed by Mr. JAY GOULD in 1884, and that it did not produce the effect expected, is very interesting. That the BLAINE managers were very confident was apparent to every observer, and that there was an alliance between them and a certain portion of the Democratic party in this city is very conclusively shown by the vote for Presidential electors, as compared with the vote for other candidates at the same election. Appended is a table of the vote for various city officers, from which I have omitted the vote for Mayor, as the figures of that vote are so different from all the others that they do not properly belong to a fair estimate of the average Republican and Democratic vote. These figures are taken from the *Tribune Almanac*:

	Republican.	Tammany.	County Democracy.	Combined Democracy.
Judges of Common Pleas........	72,803 70,731 68,925	78,349 77,279 70,556	74,242 74,151 73,577	152,591 151,430 144,133
Comptroller........................	63,149	76,991	84,566	161,557
President of Board of Aldermen...	62,446	74,731	87,294	162,025
District Attorney	66,453	71,443	87,064	158,507
Coroner	61,263	85,063	78,096	163,159
Total........................	7)465,770	534,412	558,990	1,093,402
Average..........................	66,539	76,344	79,856	156,200
Presidential Republican	90,095	Democratic		133,222
More than average	23,556	Less than average..		22,978

These figures show conclusively that there was an alliance between the BLAINE managers and a portion of the Democratic party, for the Republican electors received this vote in spite of the defection of the Independents, and the Democratic electors received nearly 23,000 less than the average, in spite of their gain from the Independents. This is further proven by a comparison of votes by Assembly districts. In the districts which gave a Republican majority in 1880, GARFIELD received 19,748; BLAINE received 17,406—a loss of 2342; while in the same districts in 1880 the Democratic vote was 15,362, and in 1884, 17,067—a gain of 1705: total gain, 4047 votes. On the other hand, the vote in the Democratic Assembly districts was, GARFIELD, 61,982; BLAINE, 72,689—gain, 10,707; and the Democratic vote was, HANCOCK, 107,651; CLEVELAND, 116,155—gain, 8504. Net Republican gain in Democratic districts, 2203; total Democratic gain in Republican districts, 4047."

THE PRESIDENT AND THE VETERANS.

THE opposition to the President's vetoes of private pension bills is another form of the effort to use the veterans to gain a party advantage. The vetoes are represented as proofs of a revengeful spirit toward Union soldiers for saving the country, and the attempts to insinuate or to declare this wretched calumny are utterly contemptible and unworthy of the Republican name. The President with dignity and truthfulness says, what every honorable and patriotic American citizen will approve:

> "The blatant and noisy self-assertion of those who, from motives that may well be suspected, declare themselves above all others friends of the soldiers cannot discredit nor belittle the calm, steady, and affectionate regard of a grateful nation."

The President points out that an appropriation of seventy-six millions of dollars has just been made for pensions under liberal laws, to meet every meritorious case, and that more than a million of dollars was added to maintain the Pension Bureau. The rate of pension in certain cases has been increased, and large appropriations have been made for Homes for sick, disabled, and needy soldiers, and there is a recent liberal grant for their enlargement and greater convenience. All this, as he says, is no more than should be done.

Besides this is the fact, which he does not mention, that the committee of the Democratic House has reported favorably six hundred private pension bills, against four hundred reported by the committee of the late Republican House; that many were rejected as utterly undeserving, showing how great is the pressure of unfounded claims; and that of the six hundred the President has vetoed but ninety, most of which had been rejected by a Republican Commissioner of Pensions. Thus while President CLEVELAND has signed more than five hundred pension bills in sixteen months, General GRANT approved only five hundred and forty-two in the eight years of his administration. Such facts dispose effectually of the unworthy partisan assaults upon President CLEVELAND as hostile to the soldiers.

TEMPERANCE REPUBLICANISM IN MASSACHUSETTS.

THE Republican Temperance Conference in Boston, to which we alluded last week, proved to be a carefully planned caucus to declare that the Republican party "is committed to the support of whatever makes for the moral and material welfare of the people," and therefore that it ought to oppose the saloon unconditionally, and favor such legislation "as may be best adapted to restrict the liquor traffic within the narrowest possible limits." This was good, but vague. The caucus would not mind the helm. There were many earnest prohibitionists present, and they asked something a little more definite—some intimation, for instance, of the kind of legislation that would be desirable.

To attain this object, Senator MORSE proposed a resolution expressing the opinion of the Conference that the question of constitutional prohibition should be submitted to the voters as soon as possible. The managers of the Conference opposed this declaration strenuously, as sure to divide the party. But it was evidently acceptable to the majority, and it was adopted by the imposing vote of 94 to 24, upon which some of the managers regarded the movement as a failure, and withdrew. It remains to be seen whether the State Convention will adopt the suggestion of the Conference. But it will not wish to disregard it, because the resolution is the evident ultimatum of the prohibition Republicans. Moreover, it was invited by the managers of the Conference, and as it does not commit the party to prohibition, but only to a submission of the question, it might be wisely adopted.

The managers should have counted the cost more closely. They were interested, not in prohibition, but in the party. But they should have known that the Republicans who would come to the Conference would be mainly prohibitionists, and that they would not be put off with a few smooth generalities. In any case, the Conference has had the good result of making probable a positive declaration from the State Convention, and it has perhaps taught the managers a valuable lesson.

PERSONAL.

MRS. J. W. THOMAS, a sister of the sculptor J. Q. A. WARD, has a curious statuette in alabaster, about six inches high, under a glass case in the drawing-room of her handsome country-seat near Newburgh on the Hudson. It is the figure of an Irishman who used to do chores for her family thirty-five years ago in Brooklyn, and is wonderfully life-like and faithful, even to the patches in his trousers, the rent in his coat, and the creases in his narrow-brim stove-pipe hat. The work was executed with a penknife by her brother, then in his teens, while on a visit at her house. It so pleased her that she took it to the sculptor H. K. BROWN. "Madam," said he, admiring it, "this boy has something in him." For six years afterward Mr. WARD was a pupil in BROWN's studio, laying the foundations of the most prosperous career yet achieved by an American sculptor.

—The late A. T. STEWART found it to his advantage to give to each head of a department of his business a percentage of the profits made in that department in addition to a guaranteed salary. One year the head of the lace department earned $27,000, and the head of another department $29,000, the percentage being about one per cent. of the net profits in the department.

—A Harvard professor and his wife were guests at a reception in London, which had been given in their honor. A hundred men and women had been invited by the hostess to meet them. But there were no introductions, and the Harvard professor amused himself during the evening by talking to his wife.

—The reporter of a leading New York newspaper, at the recent boat-race between Yale and Harvard, reached the press boat late, and found the best seats taken. He relieved his feelings by telegraphing to his newspaper that "the press boat was taken possession of by a howling mob."

—The *Athenæum* joins the London daily press in praising Mr. AUGUSTIN DALY's dramatic company, which "has won its way into well-merited favor, and challenges, and can of course sustain, the highest criticism. We are glad of the opportunities it has afforded and will afford of seeing its members in a variety of characters." Mr. DALY has worked hard and long for his present laurels.

—Mr. F. S. CHURCH, the painter, has the distinction of never having studied in Europe, and of never having been on an ocean steamer, and there are not wanting persons who believe that his very striking originality has not suffered in consequence.

—Some friends of a newly married author were surprised to meet him at his club a few evenings after the wedding. "My wife," he explained, "asked me after dinner if there wasn't any place I'd like to go out to, and I told her I would come here." The lady's discretion was warmly admired by the other married members of the club, and duly reported in their several home circles.

—An extraordinary incident occurred in Christopher Street last week. The driver of a street car put his hand to his cap and exchanged courteous greetings with the driver of a beer wagon who had got out of his way.

—Sixteen years ago M. LÉON SAY, then Prefect of the Seine, went to London as the bearer of a gold medal which the municipality of Paris had voted to the corporation of London in recognition of assistance in the revictualling of the French capital after the siege. On the 2d of July last he was entertained by the Lord Mayor at dinner, and bore testimony to "the thorough cordiality which exists between the two countries." Mr. BEECHER was one of the guests, and replied to the toast of "The Visitors."

—"During the last twenty years," said Mr. JOHN BRIGHT at a mass-meeting of his constituents, "I have been three times a member of a cabinet over which Mr. GLADSTONE presided, and there was only one break in the harmony which prevailed between him and myself, and that was in regard to what took place in the year 1882, on the occasion of what I deemed a great blunder, and I am afraid nationally a great crime—the bombardment of Alexandria. Whether I am right or wrong, I will leave the public to judge."

—Mr. E. L. MAJOR, the young prizeman of the HARPER-HALLGARTEN Art Fund, is still studying in Paris on his competitive five hundred a year. Some drawings sent by him to the trustees of the fund speak satisfactorily of his progress. He is its first beneficiary. Artists who have tried the experiment say that nowadays it requires much attention to economizing to live in Paris on five hundred a year, especially for those who, being not fortunate enough to gain admission into the government schools, are compelled to pay for private tuition as well as for models.

—Senator LELAND STANFORD's munificent gift of $4,000,000 to found another university in California is expected to be followed at his death by several millions more. His purpose is to establish some technical schools first—in which he hopes to have the coöperation of General FRANCIS WALKER—some college buildings next, and a university proper last. His relations with the University of California are entirely cordial. Indeed, the present university is supposed to have come very near getting the money.

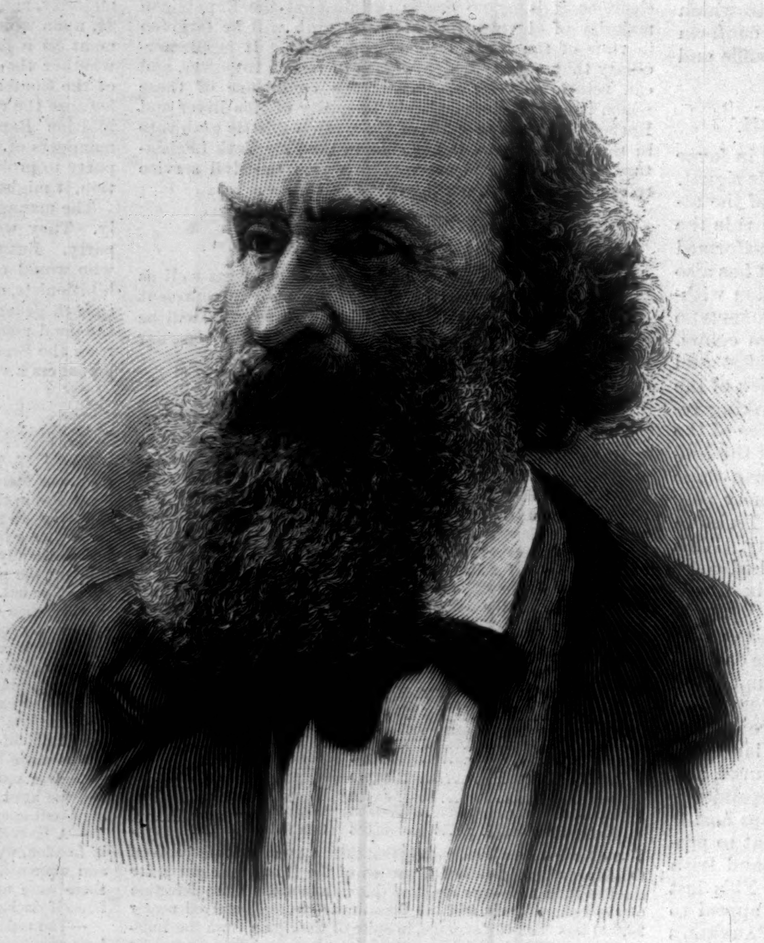
—Mrs. GLADSTONE herself made a neat little speech at a political meeting in London a few weeks ago in support of the candidature for Parliament of a Mr. WHITE. She was hailed with loud cheers on rising. "My friends," she said, "I thank you with all my heart for this touching reception; but I well know for whose sake it is given—my husband's. Let me tell you that his heart is with you, though his voice cannot travel this distance. And now, my friends, I think I cannot do better than give you a message from him, which, if you will allow me, I will read. He bids you, the people of this country, to bethink yourselves of the position in which you stand; to look back upon the history of the past, and forward to the prospect of the future; to listen to prudence and courage and honor. What a privilege for you to help redress the wrongs of Ireland! The battle is begun. You are to help win it. Rally round our friend Mr. WHITE. Think of all his work of mercy and devotion on other occasions, and, as my husband says, in the beautiful words of our great poet, 'Ring out the old, ring in the new.' Ring out the notes and the memory of the past discord. So may you ring in the blessed reign of peace. God grant that it may be so!"

HENRY KIRKE BROWN.

Mr. Henry Kirke Brown, who died at Newburgh on the 10th of this month, was an American sculptor who won both distinction and affluence by devotion to his art, and who, dying, leaves behind him many worthy monuments of his fame in the chief places of the land. The equestrian statue of Washington in Union Square, which has for years been a familiar landmark to visitors in this city, and which has conspicuously figured in a dozen different scenes of New York's streets in as many different dramas representative of New York life and incidents, was one of the earliest, as it perhaps remains the best, of Mr. Brown's many works in bronze. The less creditable but equally conspicuous statue of Lincoln which occupies another site on Union Square was also executed by him, as were the splendid equestrian statue of General Winfield Scott in Washington, the Lincoln statue in Brooklyn, the noble bronze statue of De Witt Clinton, and many others.

Few sculptors can point to a longer line of accomplishments, or to a career of more uniform and consistent industry, than can be pointed to in the case of Henry Kirke Brown. He was seventy-two years of age at the time of his death, and had been, since he was eighteen years old, continuously active up to within six years ago, when his wife died and his own health began to fail, his death being due to softening of the brain. He was born at the little town of Leyden, Massachusetts; in 1814, and at the age of twelve gave evidence of an art talent by painting, without ever having received any instruction, a fairly creditable portrait of an old man. A few years later he went to Boston to study portrait-painting, but discovering that his talents ran in the direction of sculpture, he abandoned the brush for the chisel, and went to Italy to pursue his studies there. Upon his return to America he settled in Brooklyn, and produced the first bronze statue ever cast in this country.

Since 1858 Mr. Brown had resided at Balmville, near the famous Balm of Gilead tree, in the town of Newburgh, New York, and it was in his studio there that the work by which he is best known was executed. Much of his work is visible at the national capital, in groups of statuary of noted military commanders and civilians in the pediment of the Capitol. In marble his best known works are "Hope," the "Pleiades," the "Four Seasons," and the statue of General Nathaniel Greene at Washington. A well-known sculptor long associated with Mr. Brown pays this high tribute to his memory: "He was extremely earnest for the welfare of American art, and came home from Rome on purpose to assist in its development, even going so far as to import marble and bronze workers. He was, above all, a serious and intelligent American citizen, and was always well informed as to the conditions of his country. His art and his patriotism went hand in hand." It is necessary to make allowances for almost all American artists of Mr. Brown's generation. But a comparison of his work with that which preceded it establishes his claim to an honorable memory.



HENRY KIRKE BROWN.

A CRITICAL ACCIDENT TO MR. ABSALOM BILLINGSLEA.

BY R. M. JOHNSTON.

> "Were it by aventure or destené,
> As whan a thing is schapen, it schal be."
> —*The Knightes Tale.*

I.

Mr. Absalom Billingslea was a gentleman who at all periods in his career, instead of trying, like some, to disguise his age, seemed to take an honest pride in telling it, even with circumstantiality. Having lived a bachelor, and that not from choice, it might have been expected that this pride would have been subdued after a lapse that had brought him quite into the forties. But let us hear what he had to say one day at the country store about a mile west of his residence.

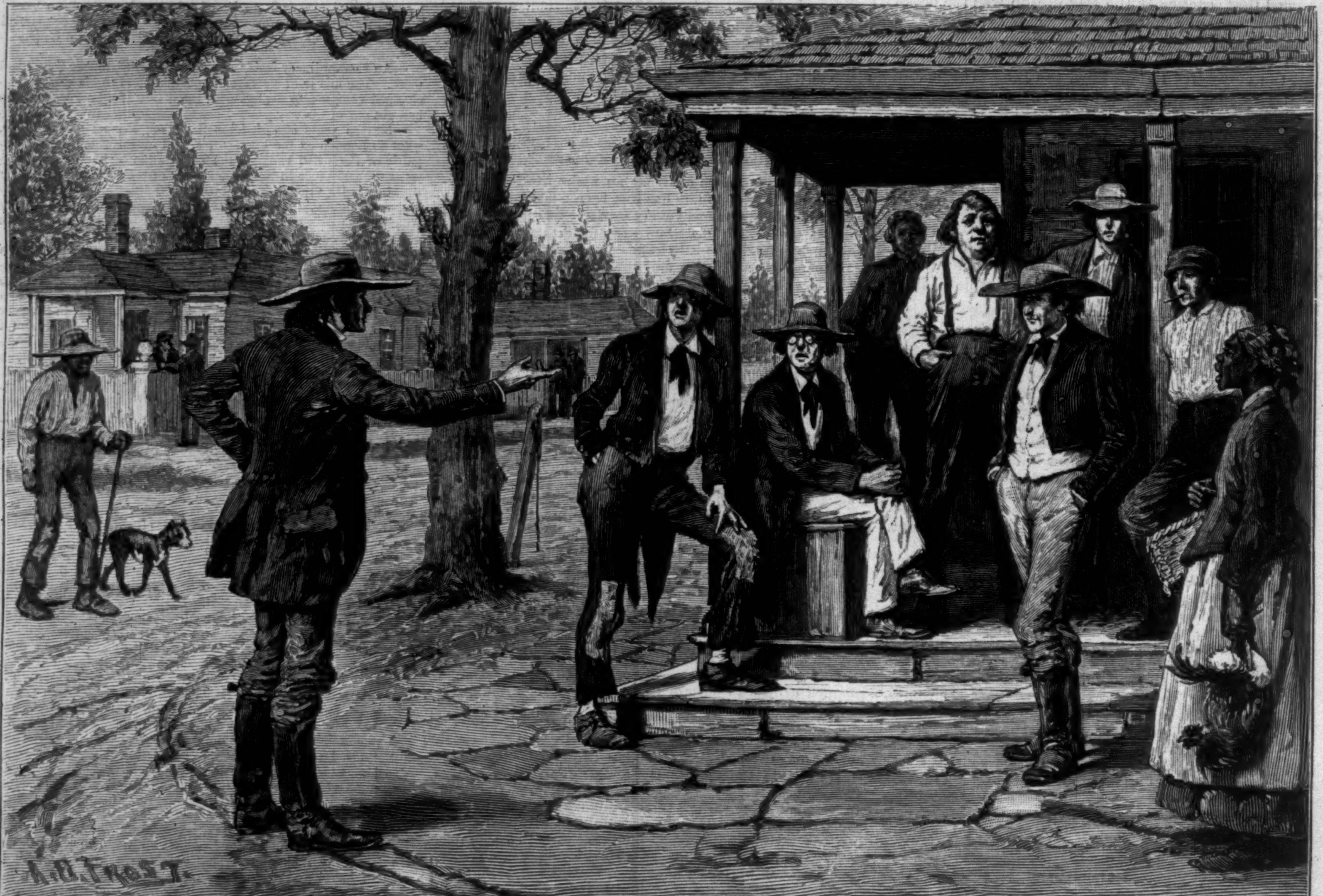
"On the 19th of Febuary I were forty-three, and ef I live tell the 19th o' this Febuary comin', I shall be forty-four; and my mother always said it were twelve o'clock of a Chuesday, and my father he always said it were the first day of his beginnin' a plantin' o' corn that year."

The history of Mr. Billingslea prior to the attainment of this respectable age had not been specially eventful, at least outwardly. Such a history, perhaps, was not to be expected in the case of one who from childhood had been deliberate even to slowness in speech, gait, work, and other deportment. Commonly they are the quick, the vigilant, the daring, that become historic. Yet there had been as many as two times when he believed that his mind had been wrought into vast excitement, and he used to intimate what might have happened if the person who had been the occasion of that excitement had been other than a female.

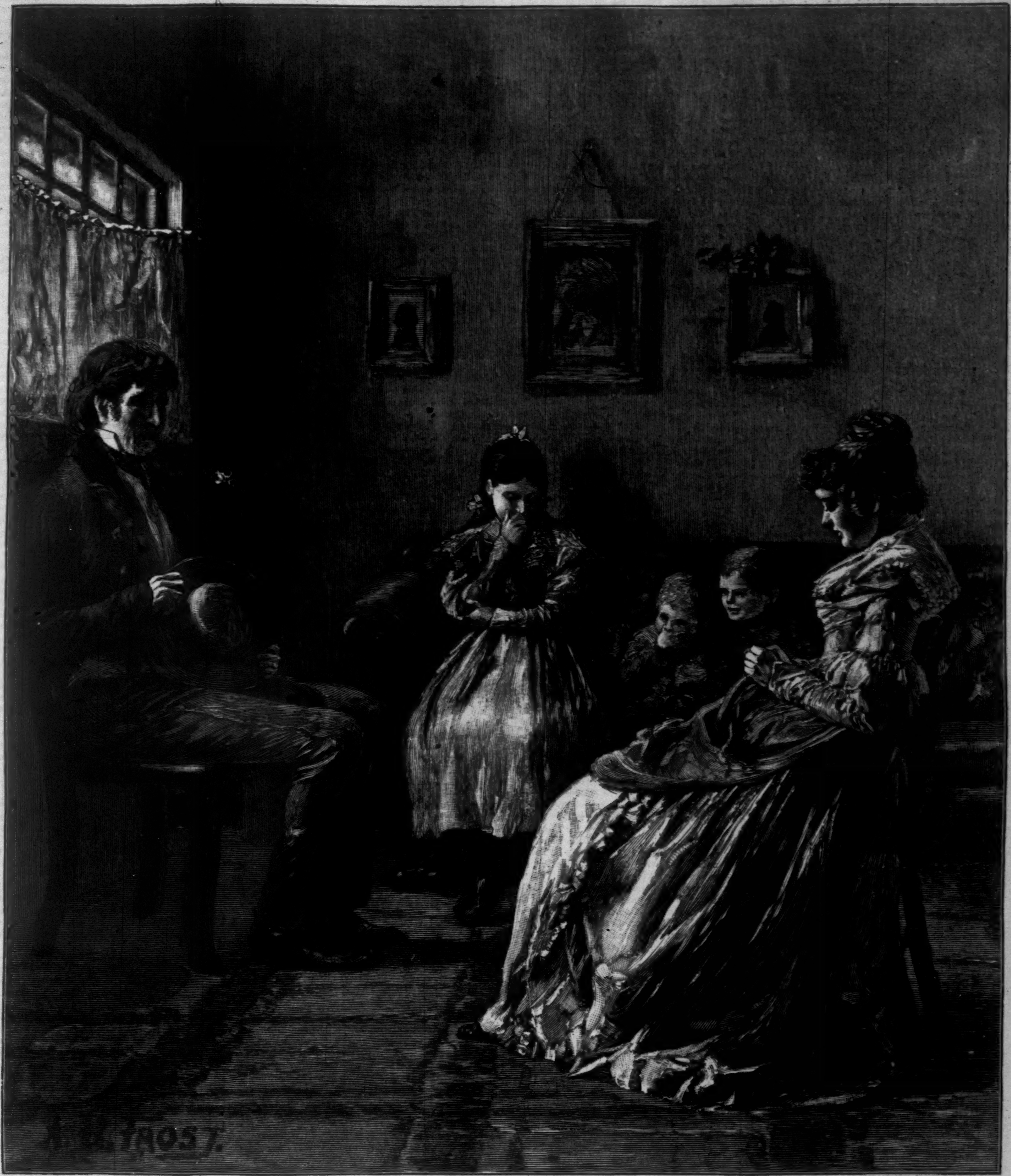
"Yes, yes," he would say sometimes, in the calmness of mature reflection, "they has ben times—I don't say when nor whar—but *ef* it had of ben a man person that jes out o' puore devilment made me feel like I did then, people would have heerd from me."

Mr. Billingslea was too prudent and honorable a man to mention names. Yet everybody knew to what he alluded, and it was some consolation to him that they did. Even if he had been disposed to conceal his views or his feelings upon any subject, he could never have found how such a thing was to be done; for he was open as the day, and as courageous as he was guileless. Slow as he had been always in his movements of every sort, he had had one dear aspiration that had suffered a double disappointment. He endured as such a man can endure, thankful that his friends and neighbors understood and respected a case allusion to which, except in vague, delicate, confidential phrase, the proprieties of social life had hindered. The whole blame for this disappointment he always had taken upon himself, and as it had been often said to him that the objects of his desire had not been attained because mainly of the want of activity in his pursuit, he had tried to become resigned to an infirmity that had cost him so dear, when it seemed too late to be worth his while to amend it, and it was only from remarks that he would make occasionally, especially when in company with young unmarried men, that inference could be drawn of his regret that he had not been swifter, at least upon two important occasions.

"Boys," he would say, blandly, yet in the confident tone often employed by kind-hearted old bachelors who are conscious that they have not lived to that period without reasonable ingathering of wisdom from experience, "you may talk about your co'tin' and your bein' of co'ted, but I tell you now that ef a feller count on makin' any headway at that kind o' business, he got to be active. With women it's sharp's the word and quick's the motion; and



MR. ABSALOM BILLINGSLEA. — "With Women it's Sharp's the word and Quick's the Motion."—Drawn by A. B. Frost.



"I COME OVER TO SEE IF I COULD BORROW YOUR K'YART AND STEERS."—DRAWN BY A. B. FROST.

they want no feller, and onless they know they can't do no better, they ain't a-goin' to have no feller, exceptin' they see he's powerful anxious for them, and them only. It's so, and it's their natur' to be so. And I don't know but what in the long-run they're right, a not'ithstandin' that sech as that, in sech a game as that, leaves sech as me out. But it's more'n prob'le that sech slow-goin' poke-easy creeters as what I am had ought to be left out thar; an' ef he can't git satisfied with the sisciety of jest his lone self, to git riconciled to it the best he can. And that, maybe, he may do after a while, by goin' 'long tendin' to his own business, tellin' no lies on people, ner not meddlin' with what ain't his'n. But you boys well b'ar it in mind and 'member what I say, that 'ith women—that is, in the p'ints o' co'tin' and bein' of co'ted—it's sharp's the word and quick's the motion. I'm a-talkin' now from exper'ence. Ef I had my time to go over ag'in, it might be that I might try to be peerter in some o' my gaits. But now—"

Then he would wave both hands slightly, but decisively, as if any acceleration on his own part was not to be expected henceforth, as all opportunities for its employment had passed forever; yet he would calmly smile in the satisfaction of imparting to the young among his male acquaintance, through these kind and thoughtful admonitions, benefit of a wisdom so long and so sadly hoarded.

Such was Mr. Billingslea at forty-three and the rise, when one of his near neighbors, contrary to all human expectation and probability, after a rapid decline from the flower of his manhood, deceased, leaving, among others, one who, at first a mourning, was likely to become after decent interval a blooming, widow.

But for this unlooked-for event it is hardly probable that any biography of Mr. Billingslea would have been undertaken; and now I feel that I cannot do full justice to his subsequent career without delaying its rehearsal until I give one (briefly as possible) of his antecedent.

II.

About three miles west of the village was Mr. Billingslea's home. His mansion, a one-story with attic, stood on an eminence near the public road, and the farm, with five hundred acres of prime upland, lay sloping in the rear, extending to the Pitman line. On the south side of the road, a quarter of a mile eastward, dwelt his sister, Mrs. Cokely, to whom this portion had fallen in the division. The Cokelys lined partly with the Ashleys, by a stream that, but for its being energetic as it was small, might never have found its way among the numerous rising grounds to Beaver Dam Creek. Lining with the Pitmans and north of Duke's Creek were the Marlers.

Between the brother and sister (the latter three years younger) had been always a very warm affection. It was only a few years back that their mother, who during her twenty years of widowhood had dwelt with the son, had deceased. Since then he had lived alone, excepting with his negroes, the sister occasionally going over to set to rights whatever things had been allowed by the bachelor to get awry.

For the purposes of this story the important member of the Pitman family was Julan, the eldest daughter. When she was fourteen years old she had the looks, the manners, the gait—in brief, a man might have travelled throughout all that region in search of her superior and not found her. Absalom Billingslea, being then twenty-four, six feet one, broad-chested, healthy as the morn, and good-looking as any man of such parts ought to ever desire to be, had been in love with Julan ever since she had been born, and many and many a time had he told her so. In his last year of schooling, which, at twenty-two, he had undertaken in order to make up for some deficiencies that he feared he had incurred during his two years' course while a boy, he used to not start of mornings to Mr. Claxton, who kept a little back of the Ashleys, until the Pitman children came on, when he carried Julan's books, and of summer evenings her very bonnet, when she would take it off in order to let her long, thick, yellow hair get all it could of the hill-side and meadow air. Then he always walked right behind her on the log that lay across the branch, except when it had swollen, if only a few inches, when either he would go before, leading her by the hand, or, lifting her in his arms, bear her across.

All this was when Julan was very young and uncommonly small for her age. In one year, from thirteen to fourteen, if anybody ever saw a girl grow and develop fast, it was that same Julan Pitman. Now so it was that from the very beginning of this nascent period Absalom Billingslea's avowals of his love became more and more infrequent, and soon ceased altogether. About that time he had ceased going to school, while Julan went a year longer. Of course they met not so often, yet they must be much together, dwelling so near, and belonging to families so friendly. Now what it was that had shut his mouth against the continuance of these avowals he never could understand. But the slowness natural to his being seemed, whenever he was in her presence, to come to a dead stop. Not that he did not love her more and more every day of his life. Not that he felt particularly embarrassed. Perhaps he was confused by this sudden springing from diminutive girlhood into womanhood complete. Perhaps he was ever cogitating how to piece on the old gallantry to the sober proposal of the wish to marry her, but somehow could not yet make them buckle-and-tongue together. He pondered and pondered; for a slow-minded man can do that as much as a quick, especially on such a theme as Julan Pitman. Indeed in such a case he does it more, and while he is thus engaged the quick may have left off that business and gone to acting. Absalom Billingslea believed, notwithstanding his late silence, that Julan knew, and could not possibly keep from knowing, that, having loved her all during her plain, spindling girlhood, he was obliged to love the very ground she walked on, now that she had developed into the round, plump, delicious thing that she was. He became fond to ruminate, especially when in her society, how she could not but rather like the adoration with which she had inspired him, and in time he began to make up his mind that he would study up a set of phrases that might go as far as human language was adequate to express the culmination of his feelings and their aspirations. It occurred to his mind that such announcement justly required words of most solemn and momentous import, and he sadly, though not very painfully, regretted that his limited education retarded their coming to his lips.

"Br'er Ab," said Mrs. Cokely one day, and that not for the first time, nor the second, "if you want Julan Pitman, you better hurry up. She's grown now, and she knows it, and everybody else knows it, and 'special Bob Marler knows it, and if you don't mind what you're about he's going to get in there before you, as he's been trying his very levelest best for six months to do."

"Why, S' Nancy, ain't I jest a-waitin' for a good, suitable chance? And as for Bob Marler, don't I know that at the school-house Julan couldn't b'ar Bob Marler? and once, when he hurt her feelin's and made her cry by laughin' and callin' her a little scrap, I took him by the collar, and told him if he done it again I'd choke him tell he see stars in the daytime."

"Ah! dear, dear brother, that was a long time ago, when Julan was nothing but a child."

"'Twasn't so very fur over a year ago. Julan ain't new but in her fifteent' year, and it look like a man ought to try to be decent in the namin' to as young a person as she is sech a thing as the gittin' of married."

"Well, brother, if the worst come, you can't say I never warned you."

Such admonitions could not but exert in time some influence upon a mind even as immobile as this. The amount of cogitation done by him during the weeks immediately preceding definite action would not have dishonored the proudest philosopher who ever pondered the stars. Concluding at last that he was as near the condition of readiness as he would ever be, probably, he resolved that on the ride home with Julan from church on the next meeting day he would make the eventful announcement. He confessed afterward, with some apparent remorse, that he not only could not tell what were the heads of the sermon on that occasion, but that he had actually forgotten the text. In this state of mind, what must have been his feelings, after the service, to find that Julan was to ride home with the escort of Bob Marler! More than that, many persons along the road said that it was talked about in the neighborhood that Bob and Julan were engaged. The very next morning he rode to the Pitmans, and knowing no better than to ask Julan if the report was true, and she knowing no better than to answer that it was, he rose immediately, went back home, and suffered as single-minded men always suffer when disappointed in attainment of the one great object of their life's desire. His sister did not scold; she only wept when she saw the pain it cost him. Some people said that Julan had gone into the engagement in a pet for his slowness, and that he might have broken it if he had tried. But he was incapable of such action, and, except to his sister, and that seldom, the subject was never alluded to by him.

Julan and Bob were married, and lived together ten years, during which Absalom was such a neighbor and friend as if nothing of the kind I have mentioned had occurred. Then Bob died, leaving her with two children. The wedded life was not thought to have been as blessed as the average; for the husband, though energetic, thrifty, and fond of the wife, was inclined to be penurious and arbitrary. Her loyalty to every behest of her condition had hindered gross maltreatment; but when he went, most of the neighbors thought, and some of them said, that Bob Marler had had quite as much as he deserved of the society of such a woman.

III.

This event affected Absalom Billingslea far more profoundly than anybody except Mrs. Cokely suspected. He had ever rather believed that the prize he so singly had desired had been lost through his own inactivity. But he was the soul of honor and justice. Though never expressing himself so to any except his sister, he had often felt indignant at what appeared on the part of her husband a lack of appreciation for Mrs. Marler and consideration for her happiness. Yet, now that he was dead, compassion for his early death struggled with the thought that Julan was again free. There are such men in the world, and they are to be found in such a country society as I am telling about as often as in any other, however more advanced in culture and refinement. This man, so slow in motion, so apparently imperturbable in mind, would have preferred to die rather than do dishonor not only to Bob Marler when alive, but to his memory now that he was dead. When he looked upon that young widow he was almost frightened to find that none of the love of his youth had gone, as he had tried to persuade himself all during her married life. Julan mourned her departed husband with that strange loyalty that good women always pay to their memories, however remiss they may have been in appreciation and tenderness, and this old lover admired her only the more for such conduct. At least he hoped that he did, though far more fondly did he hope that the time would come when he would be enabled to assuage her grief in a manner that would be the consummation of the highest happiness of which his own heart had ever dreamed.

Mrs. Cokely understood his case even better than he did, and after the first year of widowhood had expired she began to urge him toward what she was confident he wished and intended, if vaguely, to do whenever he could feel that he could do so with propriety.

"May the good Lord have mercy on your dear, precious old soul, Br'er Ab!" she said to him one day, after some preliminary chat, "do you suppose a woman like Julan, that's now nothing but a girl, is going to grieve herself to death or forever about such a husband as Bob Marler?"

The question staggered him.

"I—n-no, S' Nancy; I—that is, I should hardly expect—at leastways I shouldn't hope that Julan would grieve—that is, not quite forever—for—for sech *as* Bob: though Bob, poor feller, he's dead and goned now, you know, S' Nancy, and somehow I *can't* but think that maybe Bob were a cleverer feller than we ben a-takin' him to be when he were among us. And as for Julan, she—you see she war her black the same as the week after he went, and I hain't a idee Julan ever yit thought o' sech a thing as—as—"

Mr. Billingslea paused here, and actually was near blushing for the sable, sorrowing young widow.

"Yes, and right there is where you *are* mistakened. Br'er Ab, a man like you don't understand women any more than they understand babies. As for Bob Marler, he was just the man he were, and his being dead can't alter at leastways what he used to be. They isn't any doubt but what he loved Julan, as no man that had such as her for a wife could have holp doing that. But he never treated her as a man ought to treat such a wife, and you know it. Yet Julan have done what all respectable widows will always do, and 'special them that have children by a man: she's behaved herself decent, and knowing that them children is his children as well as hern, and is now orphins, she's been sorry for *them*, and *is* sorry for 'em. *But* Julan have too much sense, and if she didn't, she's too young, to be and keep everlastingly grieving about Bob Marler, and I *know* what I'm talking about."

It may not happen that very much delicacy finds place in beings as little cultured and as inactive as that of Absalom Billingslea; but when it does, it is of the very best type. To make an advance toward that woman in black, who seldom was seen to smile, it appeared to him, would be an indelicacy that would not be forgiven, and ought not; and little as he had thought of her husband while living, he yet could not but feel that he owed something, however indefinite, to the memory of one whom, upon reflection, he may have undervalued. And so he continued to wait. Oh yes, he *must* wait some longer.

The death of Mr. Marler, after an interval of four or five months, was followed by that of Mrs. John Ashley, at the place aforementioned. The affliction of the bereaved husband, who was left with one male child three years old, was profound and sincere. But of course everybody knows that such as that does not last always. Absalom Billingslea was very fond of Jack, though he never seemed to care for having much to do with Wiley, his next younger brother. In his heart he pitied Jack, tried to console him by all means that he could employ, was gratified after some months to see him take rather more cheerful views of life, and, as his friend, felt almost hurt by neighborhood whisperings that Jack was already beginning to turn his thoughts toward marrying again. He even had the friendly candor to tell Jack of these whisperings one day, and he was proud of Jack for the indignant manner in which he denied that there was any just foundation for them.

"You do beat this world, Br'er Ab." Mrs. Cokely was a little vexed, and she acknowledged it. "Br'er Ab, you don't understand Jack Ashley any more'n you understand Julan Marler."

"Why, S' Nancy, the poor feller's wife have no more'n hardly got cold in her grave; and Jack told me with his own mouth that he were mad as he could be about people havin' no more feelin' than to be talkin' about his even thinkin' about gettin' married agin."

"Goodness gracious me! Don't you know that that's just the *ways* of them widowers when they are on the sly, as that same man Jack Ashley is now about Julan?"

"If he's arfter Julan—and which I can't believe it's so—he well fling away his weepons in that hunt, for Julan have too much respects not only of herself, but she have too much respects of her husband and Jack Ashley's wife, to even listen to sech talk. Why, didn't Missis Keenum tell me that when she hinted to Julan that Jack, to her opinions, were thinkin' o' her in a cur'ous sort o' way, that Julan cried, she did?"

"And what do that show?"

"It show, in the first place, that Julan didn't believe it; and it show, in the next place, that she were hurted in her feelin's by hearin' o' her name a-bein' coupled with that kind o' business yit awhile. People, S' Nancy, is obleeged to supposen that people is decent theirselves, and has feelin's, and they ought to try to have 'em theirselves."

"Ah! Br'er Ab, you let yourself git left before, and I'm much afraid it's going to be so agin."

Mr. Billingslea, after his own style, waited and watched the conduct of these two bereaved. It is needless to tell the result of such behavior. If ever a man of his kind was overwhelmed with confusion and dismay, it was he, when, without public notice, Jack one morning rode over to Mrs. Marler's in his gig, was married to her, and took her and her children to his home.

"It were ruther the onexpectedest thing, I think, I ever knowed," said Mr. Billingslea to his sister when they heard the news. "I shouldn't of thought it of nother of 'em—that is, not yit, not quite yit." Then he took out his pocket-handkerchief, for the sight of tears in her eyes had moistened his own. "But," he continued, "Jack suit her, I suppose, and Jack's a good-lookin', good-hearted, and a monstrous liber'l feller. I hardly think he wanted to fool me out and out about his denyin' so positive. I suppose he found out somehow that maybe he better git Julan if he could, and the good Lord know *I* can't blame him for that. Yes, Jack's a monstrous liber'l-hearted feller. I ain't quite shore but what he's a cleverer feller—that is, in some p'ints of views—than what poor Bob were. I hope he'll be good to Bob's childern, and take good keer o' Julan and her prop'ty."

"Julan had no *business* of marryin' Jack Ashley," began Mrs. Cokely, after drying her eyes with some violence.

"Come, come, S' Nancy. I can't b'ar to hear you say anything ag'inst Julan. It were her business, and you've never been a woman as follered the practice o' findin' fau't with other people for tendin' to their own business the best they know how. Julan were a young widder, and I no doubt she were lonesome with jest them two little childern, and she see that Jack were obleeged to be lonesome with jest his one, and she knowed that all three need two parrents instid o' one, and Jack he knowed the same. And then, agin, they knowed, both of 'em, that it warn't nobody's business but theirn. And so they took the notion to jind and nunite together without astin anybody else's leave, and they done it, and as for me, I hope it 'll turn out right for 'em both and for 'em all. And not a nary word ag'inst it and ag'inst them would I ever want to hear, and 'special from my own people."

She looked at him in silence for several moments as he walked slowly up and down in the room. Then rising, she went and laid one hand upon his shoulder.

"Br'er Ab, you want to know what I think of you? It's that slow as you are, and careless as you are about your own interests, you are the best man that lives, or ever did live, in this world."

She put her arms around him and laid her head upon his breast. He bent down, kissed her cheek, and then disengaging himself from her, left the house, and walked slowly back to his home.

IV.

"Jack, I thought you said that Absalom Billingslea and Mrs. Keenum were likely to marry. She was over here to-day, and she said that Absalom never hinted such a thing to her, and she had no reason to believe that he ever would."

"Wiley said he heard so. You know Wiley always picks up the latest news. As for Ab Billingslea, he's too slow-motioned ever to make up his mind to court any woman."

This chat was had some time after the marriage. But I shall devote brief space to the telling about that. The years came and went. The principal outward alteration in Mr. Billingslea was some dereliction in attention to dress. Doomed, as now for the second time he felt himself to be, to endless bachelorhood, there was what commonly follows such a consciousness—less care to please by attention to exterior deportment. An acknowledged old bachelor is bound to become seedy in some elements of his being. He prospered in business, however, unhasting as he was in its pursuit. He was one of those planters, in the long-run most successful, who made their most important point to raise a plenty to eat for man and beast. Such a planter usually has cash in his pocket, and can avail himself of opportunities which such a condition presents of adding to his capital by advantageous purchases. Jack Ashley used to laugh at him (for Jack and he continued on as friendly terms as ever) for his making only three bales of cotton to the hand. Yet Jack, with all his seven, was a money-borrower, whereas Absalom became a lender of more and more every year, and sometimes, in his mild way, he would give Jack a friendly warning against what seemed to him too adventurous in some of his tradings and too expensive in his way of living. Jack would always answer as to the latter that while he lived he intended *to* live. And so he did. In ten years his estate was less valuable than when he and Mrs. Marler were married. With the loss of property came the loss of energy, spirits, and health. He fretted throughout his last remaining year, leaving, besides his wife and his child by the first marriage, one by the last. The property of the Marler children, except in the wear of the land, was unhurt, but his widow's, including what she took by his will, was not equal to what she had brought upon her marriage. The neighbors tried to believe that but for Jack's decay in manliness by his misfortunes and bad health he would not have made the bequest to his wife contingent upon her remaining unmarried.

V.

Now when Julan most unexpectedly had become free for the third time, Mr. Billingslea felt—indeed, he could not have told himself how he did feel. He hoped that he was sorry for Jack being cut down in the midst of his manhood, and nobody except Mrs. Cokely had ever heard him say a word against the will. Even to her he essayed by one argument and another, of course without success, to mitigate her resentment. If he tried to suppress other thoughts that rose in his mind, even at the funeral, it was but for a brief period. Julan, now at thirty-five, was handsomer and sweeter-looking than ever. There is in young widowhood something that engages more than maidenhood, especially such a man as Absalom Billingslea, whose heart, undemonstrative as it was, sympathized with suffering of every sort. Mrs. Ashley had never in words complained of the will, and she let Wiley, the executor, manage everything as he pleased. Even a few things which she had believed to belong separately to her and her Marler children she let him, on his insisting to do so, include in the inventory.

Modest as Mr. Billingslea was, he could not but believe that if he had been more demonstrative of his feelings on the two previous opportunities, results might have been different; and now that another had occurred, he made up his mind fully that he would not have cause for blaming himself a third time. Yet it was not as a lover of their mother, but as a man accustomed to have just views about such things, that he spoke (not to Mrs. Ashley, but to others) with some freedom about the rights of the Marler children, inconsiderable as infringements upon them had been. Wiley, a bachelor himself of thirty-two, a man of powerful build, heard of these remarks, but for one reason and another did not take notice of them. As always heretofore, Mr. Billingslea visited at the house, and extended to the widow offers of assistance such as she well knew it was his habit to do in similar cases in the circle of his acquaintance. In all this there was nothing uncommon.

But what about other things? Mr. Billingslea, having seen his very fondest aspirations frustrated on two momentous occasions (first by a man in his rear, and secondly by one in his very front), now forty-three at his last birthday, and destined, if he should have good luck, to be forty-four on his next—Mr. Billingslea made up his mind to stir as he never had stirred himself before, put himself in preparation for all possible attacks in rear, front, and flank, and even make such sallies of aggression as should seem to him to be timely and practicable. He had his house newly painted; and goodness knows it needed it. He had his hair trimmed, not by Mrs. Cokely, but a regular cutter in town; and if he didn't buy a bottle of bear's-grease, I'm a liar! He got a new fur hat, and a new suit of broadcloth out and out—things he had not done in I would not like to say how long. He straightened out of his back the wrinkles that had been gathering while he was indifferent whether they came there or staid away. He got a quickness, not to say elasticity, of step that he had never had, I may go to the extent of saying, since he had been named Absalom Billingslea. He took on a jocoseness of speech that brought to all, men and women, old and young, laughter that he had never dreamed was in him to provoke. And he did other things too tedious to mention. Ah me! such widows as Julan Ashley have made older and soberer men than he kick up their heels, or try it, in the hope of winning them, taking them back to youth, and living it over again.

There was not a soul that blamed Mr. Billingslea for any item of all this juvenility. Instead, everybody was glad to see it. Did I say everybody? Alas! I forgot that there was one exception. It was Mrs. Ashley. For you must know that all this not only had begun, but had been finished off, by the time that Jack Ashley had been in his grave some eight or nine months. Not that Mrs. Ashley had been painfully affected by the painting of the house, or the reports she had heard of Mr. Billingslea's dressiness, his activity, and his cheerfulness. For she was too sensible a woman not to know that being worried in her mind by such things would have been nothing short of foolishness. But what did hurt Mrs. Ashley I will relate as plainly as I can.

One morning little Ab Cokely, having gone on a visit to his uncle, met him at the gate fully greased, and almost fully dressed, and that in his new broadcloth.

"Ain't you goin' to put on your kervat, Unk Ab?" asked the child.

Mr. Billingslea felt at his throat, went back into his house, folded, twisted, and tied the best he knew how a silk cravat, put his hands in his pocket, drew out a quarter, gave it to little Ab, mounted his horse, put him into a canter, and away he went. Now the appearance in such guise at a private house, and that on a week-day, was a thing that the oldest inhabitant had never known of having been done except by a marrying man specifically and avowedly intent upon immediate pressing courtship. Added to all I have mentioned was this, that his face was very red and his voice was husky, even while he talked with the children before Mrs. Ashley came into the house—for at his arrival she was in the garden pointing out to the cook the vegetables to be gathered for dinner. Coming in as she was, apron and all, she halted suddenly at the door, both at the sounds and the sight, as if uncertain as to whether or not she had misunderstood the messenger who had called her in with the announcement of Mr. Billingslea's visit. Then a sudden paleness overspread her face, and without advancing as usual to shake his hand, she sat down in the nearest chair and, said, feebly, "Good-morning, Mr. Billingslea."

The oldest Marler child, a girl of fifteen, rose as if intending to leave the room.

"Sit down, Emily, and keep your seat," said the mother, in despotic tone.

Absalom Billingslea, with the instinct of one who is a gentleman, however simply bred and little cultured, instantly perceived that he had made a mistake, and, as he afterward declared to his sister, "if ever there was a time enduring every single one of his born days when he wished he had been at home and clad in his oldest old clothes, that morning was the time." Not a word was spoken for a full two minutes, at the end of which Mrs. Ashley, looking as if she felt no sort of interest in her question, curtly asked, "How's Nancy?"

Mr. Billingslea, who had been looking alternately at her plain dress and his own glistening suit, suddenly threw up his head, and with painful honesty tried to recall to his mind any person about whom it was probable that inquiry had been made.

"Who did you— Oh, you mean S' Nancy. Oh, she—she's well. That is, I—I think so. At leastways little Ab he were at my house—it were this mornin', if my 'membrance don't fail—and —well, to the best o' my ricollection, little Ab he never told me that anything were particklar out o' the way with his ma. I think—that is, my opinions is that S' Nancy is about as well as common."

If Mr. Billingslea had been on the witness-stand I do not believe that he would have spoken with a more sincere solemn purpose of rendering an answer in accordance with the best of his knowledge, information, hearsay, and belief. He sat for some time apparently waiting for further interrogations. None being propounded, he made another brief comparison of the apparels so widely differing from each other. Then contracting his brows, and swallowing an imaginary substance of vast magnitude, he said, in tones that trembled in their efforts to show that he was not entirely hopeless of prevailing in his suit, "I—I come over—I were on my way to town, and I come over to—to see if I—in fact, if I could borry your k'yart and steers."

He shuddered throughout his whole frame. The youngest of the children had to hold her nose, and the other two to cover their mouths with their handkerchiefs, to conceal their emotion. Mrs. Ashley, smiling faintly, said of course he could be accommodated in the way he desired. Whereupon he expressed the liveliest gratitude, rose, and, as well as he could, took himself away.

VI.

"Oh, S' Nancy, it were the awfulest, all-firedest lie that ary nigger, let 'lone ary white man, ever let out o' his mouth; and Julan knowed it, and so did the childern know it, and ef they'd of ben a baby thar a week old, *it* would of ben obleeged to know it were a lie o' the whoppinest kind. For they all knowed I got two k'yarts and three yoke o' steers, and they knowed I see thar one little yoke o' yearlin's right thar before the door, with thar rickety old k'yart, one spoke goned and one hub all split open, a-busy a-haulin' rails for a calf parscher. But I *had* to say somethin', or fall dead out o' my cheer, and that was the ownliest thing I could think of. As soon as I could git up, I vamished myself off. I took them store clothes home, and locked 'em up in the chiss, whar they are goin' to lay while *my* head's hot; an' I do think, on my soul, it took me a hour, with hot water *and* soap, to git that cussed b'ar grease out o' my ha'r. I no business a-*goin'* thar on sech a arrant, because I felt like all the way thar that it were goin' to turn out jest as it did."

The sister, notwithstanding her sympathy, could not but laugh somewhat at the account he gave of his discomfiture.

"Br'er Ab," she said at length, "you set at Julan in the wrong way. You ought not have went there all dressed up and perfumed up on a weeky day without first letting her get a hint that you was a-coming, and what for. Little Ab told me you had on your broadcloth, and I thought maybe you were going to the court-house. If I'd had any notion of what you were about, I'd have gone over and told you that wasn't the way to make a set at Julan. Why, it was enough to scare her."

"That's jest what it done. But her skeer didn't hold a light to mine. She have that satisfaction, if she want any. If I'm any skeerder when I come to die than I were thar *and* then, them that's about me 'll see a skene cert'n. But, Sister Nancy," he continued, in a tone of impatience that he had never employed with her and seldom even with his slaves, "what *were* I to do? You and other people told me I were too slow both times before. And now it seems I were too rapid. The fact is, it don't lay in me to know when nor how to co't a female person, and it ain't my lot. And my opinions o' Julan is that she think she had her shere o' marryin'. At all events, and *in* all events, she don't take to me, and it would of surprised me if she did. I've always ben out, and I'm out agin, and I'm goin' to try good this time to git riconciled to stay out."

"My dear brother," said Mrs. Cokely, deeply compassionating the pain it was evident that he suffered, "don't give up that way. If Julan ever thinks about getting married again, I can't believe she'd throw away a chance that's worth both of her husbands put together. You wait awhile. Julan is pestered in her mind by Wiley Ashley, who's as mean and selfish and stingy as can be, and she ain't in the condition to be courted now, at least in a—in such a—a expressing and vi'lent way, so to speak. Of course *I* can't say if she ever will be. But a man just as well wait and see."

"Oh, as for waitin', everybody have to wait for what's a-comin', includin' the time when they got to leave this country for good. But I tell you, S' Nancy, as for Julan, I'm out, like I always ben out, an' I shall never pester her any more. That ain't my lot."

Some time after this interview Mrs. Cokely made a visit to Mrs. Ashley, and from the manner in which her hints concerning her brother's feelings were received she was convinced that his conclusion to retire from the pursuit was prudent. She believed that she ought to so inform him. At the same time she felt it her duty to give him other information, which was to lead to painful consequences. The ladies had always been warm friends. Mrs. Ashley had shed many tears in speaking of the hard terms that had been imposed by Wiley Ashley, and her face had flushed with resentment while telling how, upon her rejection of Wiley's suit, he had taunted her with setting her cap with the hope of catching old Ab Billingslea, and that if he ever should court her at all, it would not be until he had given up all hope of getting the widow Lightfoot, whom every one knew he wanted. Mrs. Ashley, after giving this confidence, had requested Mrs. Cokely not to mention it; but the latter had not given her promise thereto, and so, after much rumination and consultation with her husband, who had advised against it, she concluded to obey her own impulse and tell the whole conversation, including a gross insult by Wiley in his intimation that, even during the lifetime of his brother, she had thought more of old Ab Billingslea than she had any right to. When Mrs. Cokely saw the effect this information produced upon her brother, she wished that she had withheld it.

When she had given it, he rose and said: "Wile Ashley used them words, did he, to his own brother's widder? A d—" But in a woman's presence, although his own sister, he repressed the imprecation that had risen to his lips, and walked the floor with a vigor of step that she had never seen him use.

"Now, Br'er Ab, you've got to promise me—"

He stooped, and laying his hand softly trembling upon her shoulder, said, "I promise you, S' Nancy, that I shall do nothin' but what a man that's any account can't keep from doin' in sech a case."

For a while he did not seem to hear her as she went on talking in affectionately warning language, but continued to pace the floor. After some minutes he became calm, sat down, and, changing the subject, chatted in his usual manner during the rest of her visit. When she was gone, he got his writing materials, wrote a note, read it over several times, tore it up, and began on another. Then reflecting that on the morrow an election was to be held at the store for one of that militia district's officers, he rose, called a negro man, and said to him:

"Josh, you go over to Mr. Wiley Ashley's, and tell him I wish he'd try and make it convenant to meet me at the store to-morrow mornin', as I want to see him on some partic'lar business, and fetch word if he'll be thar, and what time."

The messenger in due time returned with answer that Mr. Ashley would be at the appointed place somewhere between nine and ten o'clock.

"All right. Ast you anything about me, Josh?"

"He ax me ef I knowed what business you had wid him."

"And what did you answer him?"

"I told him I knowed nothin' 'tall 'bout it."

"Fact. Ast you anything else?"

"He said 'pear like my marster were peertinin' up jes here lately, paintin' his house, an' gittin new broadcloff clo'es."

"And what did you answer to that?"

"I told Marse Wiley dat as for de paintin' o' de house, everybody see she need dat I dunno how long; an' as for de gittin a new suit o' clo'es, I have heerd Miss Nancy scoldin' you many an' many time for not dressin' up sprucer—young man like you."

"What did he say then?"

"No more, Marse Ab, more'n he sort o' laughed. But he war partic'lar, Marse Wiley war, to ast how all wus."

"He laughed, did he? That 'll do. Go 'long."

VII.

Many had already gathered at the store when Mr. Billingslea arrived. Having dismounted and fastened his horse to one of the racks, he advanced and bade a general good-day to all.

"Ah! *you* here already, Wiley? Got somethin' to say to you when I speak a few words to these gentlemen. Gentlemen, I never 'spected to have to *talk* about sech matters as I want to talk with you a little now. But I feel like it were my jooty to let my neighbors know that I has as good as co'ted Missis Julan Ashley, and that she have as good as 'fused me. Now, mind ye, I know well as ef people told me, that it ain't none o' my business how Wile Ashley ben a-managin' his brother's 'state, nor a treatin' o' his widder and poor Bob Marler's orphin childern, although I has my opinions about that and them ef he want to hear 'em any time; and I tell you all what I'm a-tellin' you now, because he have ben a insiniwatin that the said female person have ben a berhavin' differ'nt from what a respectable female widder ought to berhave herself; an' I'm the man ag'inst who them insiniwations is p'inted, and in your presence, gentlemen, I po—nounces 'em LIES." Then turning to Ashley, he said:

"That's the business I had with you, Wile. How shall we settle it before these witnesses?"

They were two powerful men, equal in weight, nearly so in height. Ashley had the advantage in youth by several years, and by considerable successful experience in hand-to-hand combats which his querulous, overbearing disposition had sometimes provoked, and he was as proud of his manhood as he who at Hector's funeral

"undertook
Gigantic Butes of th' Amycian stock."

The unexpectedness of the charge confounded him for a moment. Then he looked at his assailant, and answered,

"You're a good deal older man than what I am, Mr. Billingslea."

"Yes, that's so. But if you begin to cote my age on me, Wile, I shall be obleeged to believe you to be as big a coward as I know you to be a liar."

"They ain't but one way to settle it after that, sir."

Instantly throwing off his coat, he dealt Mr. Billingslea, while similarly engaged, a blow that prostrated him on the ground.

"Foul play!" cried several men, seizing hold of Ashley as he was proceeding to fall upon his adversary. The latter quickly rose, and casting aside his garment, in a tone terrific in sound and import, cried:

"Turn the hound loose, and I gives notice that any man who meddles in this fight, at leastways on my side of it, is my innimy. Turn him loose, I tell you," he thundered, as he steadily advanced.

It was a bloody, an awful contest. Several times in its midst they paused for a moment to recover breath, when the elder would renew the struggle. The by-standers at every pause besought them to cease. No answer was given by either, until, after an encounter fiercer and prolonged more than any preceding, and they were leaning against two oaks that stood near, Ashley, to these renewed entreaties, said, between his pantings: "I think myself we've had enough of it. I got nothin' in this world ag'inst Mr. Billingslea, and he ought to know it."

"Nothin' ag'inst Mr. Billingslea!" said the latter, after a loud, contemptuous laugh. "No, you got nothin' ag'inst him exceptin' the bein' of called a liar and a coward, which you know you're both o' them. What and who you got things ag'inst is women, and your own brother's widder at that. Come, sir, git away from that tree, and squar' yourself agin."

Then he dealt a blow that sent him staggering. Triumphant in his cause and the now assured victory, he took him by the head, turned him round, gave him a push, and pursued him as the elder pursued the younger combatant in the games instituted by the Trojan hero on the Sicilian shore, when

"Disdain and conscious virtue fired his breast."

Soon the vanquished fell upon the ground, whence he had to be lifted and carried home in a wagon.

VIII.

It was some consolation to Mr. Billingslea that, although the last hope of winning the woman he had so singly loved was blasted, yet he had rendered her a service that she had sorely needed. With his old manfulness, he submitted to his disappointment as on former occasions, and when he had worn away the scars of his late combat, went forth with accustomed deliberateness to the demands of domestic and social existence.

About two months after the events last narrated, one afternoon, when the sun was nearly set, he walked over the way to the Cokelys. As he was ascending the piazza steps he was surprised to hear the voice of Mrs. Ashley as she was bidding good-by to his sister. He had not seen her since his unfortunate visit.

"Wait a moment, Julan," said her hostess, "and I'll call Jimmy to go with you all the way home, as it's rather— Just in time, Br'er Ab," she continued, turning to him as he entered— "just in good time to see Julan home. I was just going to call—"

"Oh, *now*, Nancy," said Mrs. Ashley, "it's *not* worth while to take that trouble. I'm not afraid."

She looked as if she felt deeply distressed at the enormous amount of trouble she was giving to all parties.

"No trouble at all," answered Mr. Billingslea, simply. "You oughtn't go, at leastways through the swamp, by yourself after sundown."

They went forth together, and proceeded slowly, first along the public, then down the neighborhood road that they had travelled together so often when both were at school. He talked in his usual way of one and another topic that he thought might be of some interest. She chatted with much vivacity, so much that he began to feel doubtful if he was keeping up with her fairly. He became aware somehow that she was looking up constantly toward his face, and he found himself wishing very much to look down into hers; but he knew he could not, and that it would never do if he could. On and on, until they neared the streamlet. Another log, like the old, lay in the same place.

"How often, how often," said Mrs. Ashley, "do I call back the times I used to cross that log when I went to school to Mr. Claxton!"

"Me too," answered Mr. Billingslea.

They paused simultaneously. The dusk was coming on. A partridge on the fence near by whistled to his mate; two killdees were tripping along the meadow; a hoarse but tender croak sounded to their right, that was answered by the Indian-hen as she sped swiftly before them to her covert. They looked at each other for several moments.

"Julan," said her companion, "there's ben somethin' of a shower o' rain down here this evenin' like, and the branch banks is ruther damp."

"Are they?"

Then she put out her little foot, with its new, glistening, low-quartered shoe, and the stocking on her instep and the narrowest wisp of underskirt that appeared were whiter than the evening cloud. Oh, it would be a pity for those delicate fine things to get all wet and draggled, and that without any earthly necessity!

"Yes, ruther damp, and, in fact, I may even say ruther moist; and it and the jew has made the crossin' log ruther slippey."

"Have they?"

"Yes; and Julan, you know that when that and sech is the case down here, I'm minded more'n common o' them old-time days."

"Are you?"

"Yes."

Then he stooped, raised her in his arms, and, as of yore, bore her across the stream and the low grounds. She laid her head upon his shoulder as he strode easily along with his burden; the while with his disengaged hand he removed her bonnet, took out her combs, and let her hair, long, fresh, abundant as ever, dishevel. When he had reached the rising ground, he let her down softly, and said, "Julan, jest as I loved you then, I've always loved you."

"And to think—to think that I never knew it! Oh, Absalom!"

He folded his arms around as if he would first comfort her. After a little while he lifted her head, and said: "Julan, we mustn't complain now. *I* say, blessed be God! What do you say?"

"I say," she answered, beaming with grateful tears and smiles, "blessed be God!"

"And, oh, boys, it were a accident, my gittin' of her at last." He was talking to a knot of young men in a corner of the room on the night of the wedding, while his eyes followed Julan moving to and fro among her guests. "I never knowed how to go about a-co'tin', and I'd 'a never of got her in this wooden world but for me—jest her and me, jest accidental—was by ourselves at the meader branch, whar I had toted her a many a time over the crossin' log when she were a little girl a-goin' to Mr. Claxton; and somehow thar— I don't know agzactly how it come about, but I shall always believe it were a accident."

ONLY A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

Said I, "I know whom I would choose
  Of all the lassies near,
To be the darling of my heart,
  My lonely life to cheer."
She answered, "I could also tell
Which of the lads I love full well."

Said I, "The maid I'd choose is fair
  As June's most perfect day,
And oh! like yours, in her soft cheek
  The dimples shyly play."
She answered, "He to whom I'm true
Is—well—a trifle, sir, like you!"

"The maid I love," I quick replied,
  "Is now so near to me
That if I do but raise my eyes,
  Her own I'm sure to see."
"And if I do but turn my head
I'll see the lad *I* love," she said.

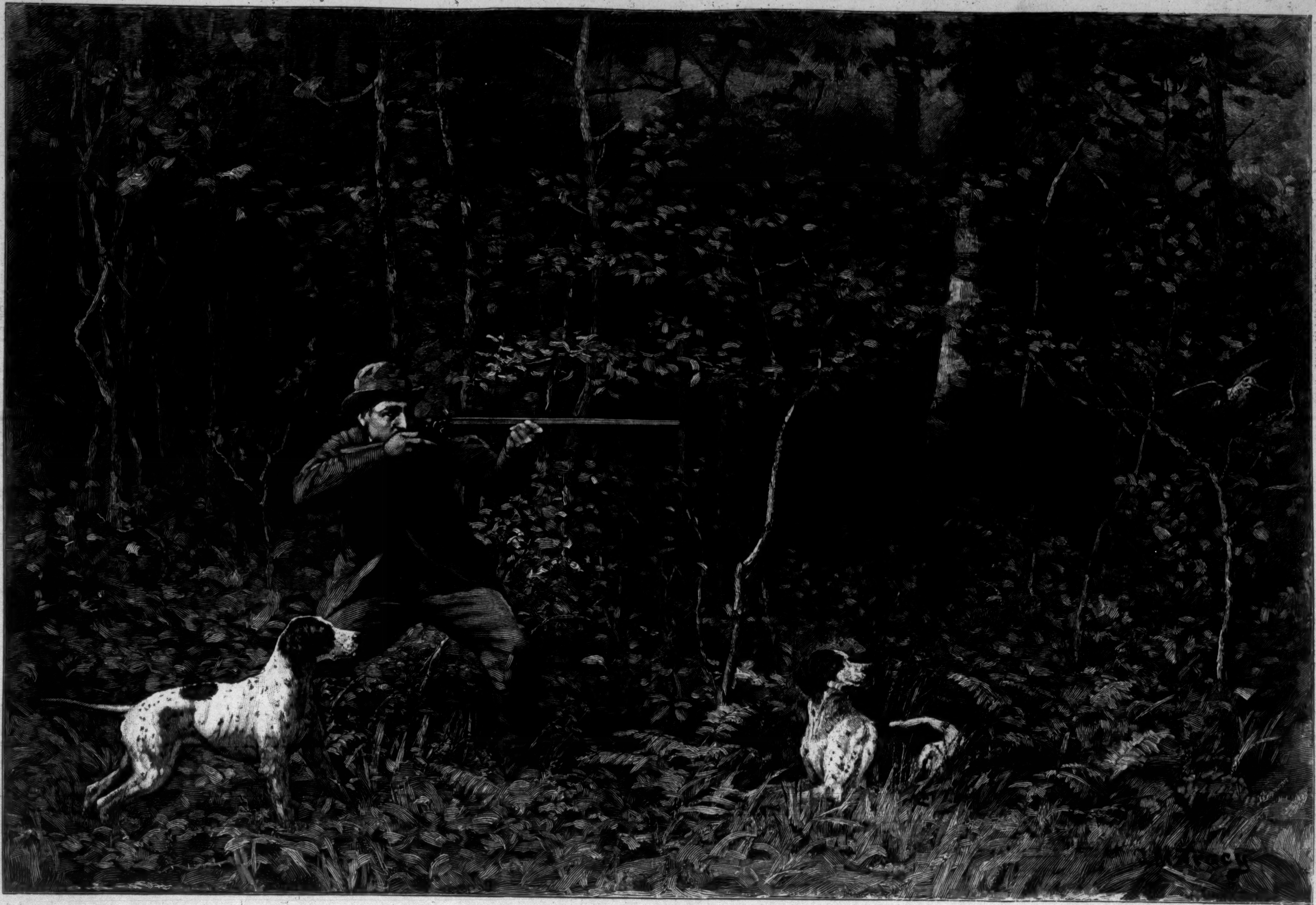
O wondrous joy! my lips grew bold—
  "Tis you whom I adore!
Now show me whom your heart would choose,
  And let us jest no more!"
Said she, "Forgive me if you can,
  But really, sir, *you're not the man!*

A CHEYENNE COURTSHIP.

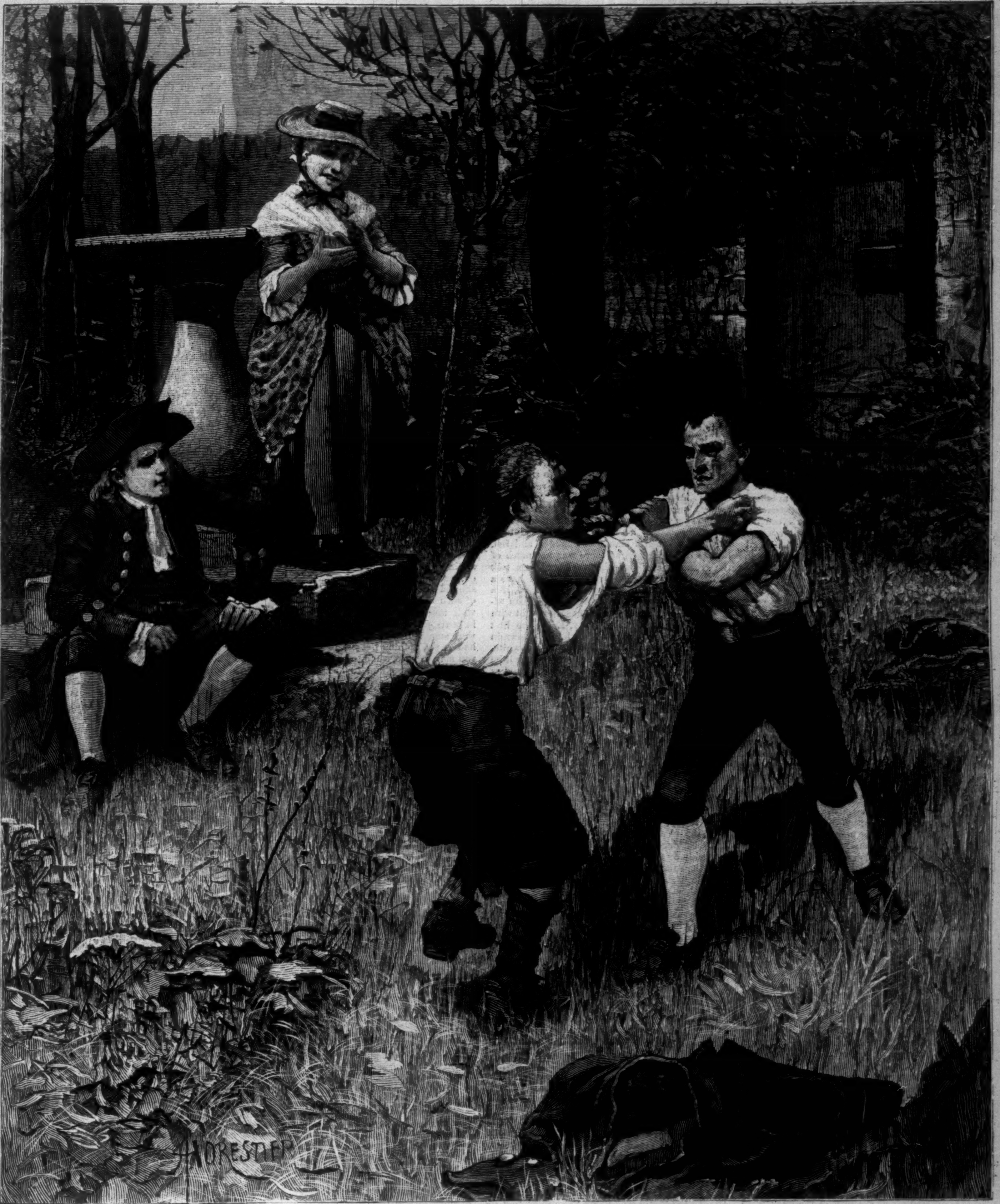
The Cheyenne tribe of Indians has a bloody record of wars with other tribes and of collisions with United States troops. Its remnants are now gathered upon a large reservation in the western part of the Indian Territory. They are a large, athletic, well-formed race, and are mentally superior to most other plains Indians. A good reason for their superiority is to be found in the more carefully guarded morality of their women. Adultery by a Cheyenne squaw is punishable by death—of the squaw only.

A Cheyenne maiden knows her rights and her value, and conducts herself with strict propriety, according to the established customs of her tribe. She is owned by her father, and he may sell her in marriage without her consent, but she is not without a remedy. Once wedded, she is the property of her husband, and is bound to all the slavishly obedient drudgery of squaw life. The warrior, however, who unwisely buys her against her will does so at a risk of losing all he paid for her, as the Cheyenne law of divorce is peculiar, and provides important limitations of her bondage. More commonly she is permitted to choose for herself, and is apt to do so with an intelligent reference to questions of comfort, supplies, and social standing.

A young Cheyenne brave has a great deal of spare time on his hands, and one consequence of this fact is that there is a vast amount of courting done by him. His best time comes to him after sunset, for he is expected to serenade, and he does so. He does not sing, he blows the cho-tunkah. This is a sort of flute, varying much in shape and character. He generally makes it of two pieces of cedar, hollowed out, and glued at the edges. It is sometimes improved by a snake-skin, drawn tightly over it and dried on, and by other ornamentation. It has from three to seven finger-holes, generally four, and is blown through from one end. The musical results, altogether devoid of tune, are described as something doleful. A Cheyenne village sometimes has the benefit of several serenades at the same time. One young lady may have several suitors waiting for her out in the dewy grass, but her choice of company among them, when she steps out of her lodge, is absolute law, binding upon all. Custom permits her to go and sit down by the favored musician, and a blanket thrown over two heads is a prairie substitute for a parlor corner. The successful ending of such a courtship brings the young brave face to face with her father, and into a process of bargaining, which may last for weeks. The lover is told of all beauty, virtues, and accomplishments belonging to the treasure he is seeking, as well as of any deficiencies on his own side, and he replies by all the criticism and fault-finding he can think of. The argument has no reference to facts, really, but to ponies. Rather than break off a match, an old brave has been known to settle the matter for one pony, while a more successful father has obtained five ponies and two mules as well as a son-in-law.



SUMMER WOODCOCK SHOOTING.—Drawn by J. M. Tracy.—[See Page 475.]



"BESS STOOD BY, CLAPPING HER HANDS WHEN JACK'S FIST WENT HOME."

THE WORLD WENT VERY WELL THEN.*

BY WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN," "THE CHAPLAIN OF THE FLEET," "SO THEY WERE MARRIED," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V.

MIDSHIPMAN JACK.

THUS was Jack fairly launched and started upon his profession. As regards a boy's first days at sea, they are reported by all to be the most miserable in his whole life. For the quarters of the youngsters, volunteers and midshipmen, on a ship of the line, are beneath the lower gun-deck, on what they call the cockpit or the orlop. This is a dark and gloomy place, below the level of the water; no daylight can ever come to it, and there can be little access of pure air. Here the purser has his stores, the surgeon keeps his drugs, the bo's'n and carpenter their ropes and spare gear, so that the place smells continually of tallow, beef, pork, tar, and bilge-water. It swarms with rats and cockroaches; in time of battle the wounded are brought here, near the after-hatchway, as to the safest part of the vessel. Here the youngsters hang their hammocks and stow their chests. As for their mess, it is with the surgeon's mate, the master's mate, the purser's mate, and the captain's clerk. To boys brought up delicately, the food is coarse; new-comers have to run the gauntlet of rough jokes, and the horse-play which among these lads passes for wit: it is that kind of wit to which the only answer is force of fist. The young sea-lion's play is always like a fight, and generally ends in one. Therefore, if a boy on board a ship love not fighting, he had better tie a kedge-anchor round his neck and drop overboard. But if, like Jack, he loves and is always ready for a fight, and will engage with the first who offers, however big and strong he may be, then the society of the midshipmen's mess may become delightful to that boy; for the wish of his heart will be gratified. I believe this was Jack's case; he hath told me how for a week or two he fought every day, and how, at the termination of each encounter, he found reason to thank Aaron Fletcher for his toughness and obstinacy, which had taught him useful lessons. Further, there are tricks to be endured, such as the stealing of a boy's breeches when he is dressing, so that he is late on deck, and is consequently mastheaded; or the greasing of his head with tallow while he is asleep; with many other nauseous jokes, all of which have to be borne with good-humor until an opportunity occurs of revenge; or the little tyranny of one who, because he is a head taller, thinks he can do as he pleases: one such did Jack fight every day—getting, to be sure, the worst of it—until the big fellow had no more stomach for the fight, and left his adversary in peace. As for the gloom of his quarters, and their narrowness and discomfort, why, Jack had seen them often enough, and knew what to expect, and cared not two pins for them. As for sea-sickness, Jack never felt it. The rough sea fare he liked; and as for the daily duty and the sharp discipline, these were part of the profession, and designed for the safety and government of some hundred lives and the accomplishment of the ship's purpose. If a sailor would be happy, he must, I take it, acquire, as soon as possible, the feeling of association. Everything has to be shared; if he take on board with him and nourish the desire, common to all landsmen, of getting as much comfort for himself as he can seize, he will never be easy. Comfort, I suppose, and ease of body are served out on board a man-o'-war in rations and pannikins—like the rum.

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1541.

Jack's good luck began, as I have mentioned, with his first voyage—that is to say, whatever good fortune can come to one so young fell to him, as you shall see.

The *Lenox* sailed on December 5, 1747, and meeting with none of the enemy on her voyage, joined Admiral Knowles at Port Royal, in Jamaica, on February 8—a short passage, the ship being a fast sailer, and ably handled.

As this war took place when I was a child, coming happily to an end when I was but twelve years of age, I know little about it, save that my early recollections are all of activity in the Yard, the going and coming of ships, the building and launching of ships, the hurry and the business of war. There were some very fine engagements at sea, of which I know only one or two—those, namely, in which Jack was engaged; and there were some memorable actions fought on land, of which that of Dettingen was one. There are in every century so many wars; there are in every war so many actions, every one of which, in the eyes of those who have fought on the victorious side, and especially in the eyes of the admiral or general, is so memorable that it will remain forever in the history of the world as a feat of arms never to be forgotten. This vanity is like that of the poet, who thinks that for an ode to "Fame," or to "Victory," published in the *European* or the *Lady's Magazine*, he is covered with glory and crowned with an everlasting wreath of bays. One immortal victory is succeeded by another; one general causes his predecessor to be forgotten; one poem is followed by another; then both are suffered to repose between the leather binding of the volumes which contain them. It is only the work of the painter which lives on the walls for all men to admire in all ages to come.

I say, then, that whatever imperishiable glory surrounds the names of those who conducted for the allies this war, I know of none except that which belongs to one squadron in the last year of the war. An account of it may be read in Mr. John Hill's *History of the British Navy*, itself compiled from the papers of the late Honorable Captain George Berkeley R.N., which stops short at this chapter, the book having been published at the beginning of the next war. What I know of it is taken from the description of these affairs given me by Jack himself.

The *Lenox*, then, arrived at Port Royal on February 8, 1748. The Captain was heartily welcomed by Admiral Knowles, who was on the point of sailing on an expedition from which the best was hoped. By the greatest exertions, the ship was provisioned in readiness to join, and the squadron, Governor Trelawny accompanying the Admiral, left Port Royal on the 13th, with design to attack Santiago, or Saint Jago, the most important town and port of Cuba, next to Havana. The squadron was strengthened by a detachment of two hundred and forty men of the Governor's regiment. The fleet was met with contrary winds, which were so long and persistent that the Admiral resolved upon changing the plan of the expedition. It was therefore decided to make an attack upon Port Louis, on the south side of Hispaniola. Thither, therefore, the wind being favorable, they sailed, and arrived in good order. On the 8th of March, the ships being then almost within pistol-shot of the walls, the attack was commenced; the cannonade lasted three hours, at the end of which time the enemy's guns were silenced, and the Governor proposed to capitulate. He sent an officer off with propositions, which the Admiral refused, and sent back his own, giving an hour for consideration. Before the end of that time they were accepted, and the place was taken. "I believed," said Jack, telling me of this, his first action, "that every cannon-shot that struck the ship or flew through the rigging was going to knock my head off, not thinking that, by the time I heard the noise of it, the danger was over. Yet I was resolved to stand at my quarters, and do my duty as well as I could; but for the life of me I could not help ducking my head, till the gunner spied me, and found time to fetch me a clout on the head, saying, 'You fool, that cannon-ball was half a mile beyond the ship before you ducked. Hold up your head, and remember that when it is knocked off, you will have no time to duck out of its way.' So, with that, I plucked up, and was comforted to see the men at the guns, none of them killed, and none of them ducking. So I was highly ashamed of myself, till they told me afterward that, at the first engagement, most everybody ducks. As for the Captain, he was on the quarter-deck, and scorned to show the least fear; and the men at their quarters only laughed, even when a shot struck the ship and fragments of the timbers went flying about. But it was fine to see how, one by one, we silenced the guns. Only I should like to see fighting at close quarters. This pounding with the big guns at long range is not to my taste."

There was some work for the boats as well, for the enemy set fire to one of their ships, and endeavored to send her alongside the Admiral's ship; but boats were sent off, which towed her clear, and took possession of two more designed for the same purpose, though the enemy's musketry fired smartly on them all the time. Our loss in the whole action was only ten men killed, among whom were Captain Renton, of the *Stafford*, and Captain Cust, a volunteer, with sixty wounded. The loss of the enemy was a hundred and twenty-eight killed. The fort contained seventy-eight cannon and a vast quantity of ammunition and stores, the whole of which was taken possession of, and the fort blown up.

I dare say it was a small business, but it seemed a great one to the boy, who thus took part in an action for the first time.

This affair concluded, the Admiral proceeded to put into execution his design upon St. Jago.

The attack, however, failed, because they found a chain across, with two large ships and two small ones filled with combustibles, and ready to be set on fire at the first attempt to break the chain. This was mortifying, and added nothing to the Admiral's reputation. But six months later it was Jack's good fortune to take part in a spirited action with the Spanish squadron between Havannah and Tortugas. It was in October, and I believe after the peace had been signed; but this they knew not. The Spanish fleet consisted of the same number of ships as our own, but larger, and with double the number of men. There was a court-martial afterward, and the Admiral was reprimanded for not shifting his flag when his own ship was disabled. Therefore the action is not one of those in which the country can take the most pride. But this had nothing to do with a young midshipman, and no one ever denied that the *Lenox*, for her part, was admirably fought and handled, seeing that when the *Cornwall*, the Admiral's ship, was disabled, the *Lenox* had to sustain the fire of the whole of the squadron until the arrival of the *Canterbury* and the *Warwick*. At sundown the Spaniard began to retreat, but not before their great ship the *Conquestador* was taken. Admiral Knowles has been further reproached with not prosecuting the pursuit with greater vigor. However that may be, he fell in, two days afterward, with the Spanish Admiral's ship, the *Africa*, and blew her up. Whatever might have been our success, it cannot, therefore, be denied that we took two out of seven ships, and compelled the rest to run away. As for Jack, he had learned now to receive the enemy's broadsides without ducking. "But what amazed me most," he told us, "was that there was no shouting or crying among the men. They were all as cool as if they were firing a salute at Spithead. When a man was wounded and fell, he was carried below, so there was not much of the groaning and shrieking that landsmen talk about. Why, those fellows of ours will have a leg sawn off and never groan. Whereas, if a man is killed, you can't expect him to groan afterward. To be sure, I've never seen a fight with a boarding party. And I say, Luke, the first time you see a man killed, when he falls down in a heap on the deck, and his face turns quite white, and his arms and legs lying out any way, as if he didn't care what was going to happen, it makes you feel sick and dizzy. But the men only laugh, because every one takes his turn, and you can't escape the bullet that is bound to kill you. If it wasn't for knowing that, nobody would be able to feel happy and work with a will while the shots are flying about. Luke, there's another thing"—here his voice dropped to a whisper—"there's a thing I never knew before nor suspected. There's cowardly captains, even in the King's navy; captains who won't crowd on the canvas in pursuit, and drop out of action, pretending to be disabled. They never told me that; not even Mr. Brinjes told me. And half-hearted captains. Why, if all they say is true, we should have been inside St. Jago, instead of sheering off after a broadside or two. But there's more brave captains than the other sort, and so you'll see when next we have a brush."

For the *Lenox*, with Admiral Knowles's squadron, had now returned, and the ship was paid off, and Jack had made his way home again, when you may be sure we killed the fatted calf and gave him welcome. He was gone, on that voyage, for the best part of two years, and was now fifteen years of age, and looked eighteen, being so big and strong. The sun and the wind had painted his cheeks a lively color, his hands were brown, his speech was rough, and his bearing was manly. Wonderful it was to see the confidence and the manliness of one so young, to say nothing of the pride he took in the exploits of his ship. These, we presently discovered, lost nothing in the telling. He brought home a most beautiful necklace of red coral which had been found in the fort of Port Louis, belonging, no doubt, to one of the mulatto or half-caste women, who were both the slaves and the mistresses of the Spaniards in those parts. He showed it to me one day, and I expected he would give it to Castilla. Fortunately I told her nothing about it, and presently I saw it round the neck of Bess Westmoreland. It is so common at Deptford to see girls of her class decorated with gold chains, coral necklaces, jewelled brooches, and all kinds of finery (for a few days only, because they speedily send the things to London to be sold), that no one asked who had given the child an ornament so unsuitable to her position. As for Castilla and myself, if Jack before he went away was going to be a hero, he was now actually become one: we were fully persuaded that when at Port Louis the boats towed off the fire-ship with the musket-balls spattering in the water, it must have been Jack who sat in the stern; and when the *Conquestador* surrendered, it must have been in terror at the sight of this youthful conqueror, terrible with his sword in his hand; and when the *Africa* blew up, it was because the Spanish Admiral perceived that he could not hope to contend any longer with this young sea-lion; and, considering the Admiral's want of spirit, it was nothing but the presence of Jack that saved the fleet from disaster. I began to draw pictures, representing episodes in the three actions in which our hero had taken part, such as Jack repelling boarders, laying about him with such an intrepid air as commanded terror and admiration in all who beheld it. Behind him stood the British tars, ready to back him up with cutlass, pistol, and pike. Or another, in which I displayed the two ships at close quarters, with grappling-irons, and Jack leaping singly upon the enemy's deck, a pike in one hand and a cutlass in the other; and there was Jack laying the gun that was to hit the enemy between wind and water, and so sink her: he performed the operation with thoughtful face, the Captain standing by, wrapt in admiration. They were wonderful pictures. Jack laughed at them, but did not deny that perhaps there might be truth in the subjects. I gave them to Castilla, who put them away. She hath since assured me that she hath kept them out of regard for the hand which drew them. That is doubtless true, since she says so. But I think there must have been, at the same time, some admiration for the hero of those designs.

I do not describe the joy with which the Admiral received the boy, nor the pleasure with which he listened to his account of the actions he had witnessed. As for the manner in which Jack sought out Mr. Brinjes, everybody knows the contempt with which the combatant branch regards the civil branch, though the surgeon's mate, by order of the Navy Office, is considered a gentleman, and messes with the midshipmen, so that there was condescension in a midshipman visiting an apothecary. Yet, as Mr. Brinjes was an old friend, Jack could not but treat him with kindliness, mingled with superiority. Moreover, he had by this time himself visited the places of which Mr. Brinjes loved most to speak. He had seen the negroes of Port Royal and Spanish Town, and those of Bridgetown, Barbados; and of St. Kitt's; though as yet he had never seen the Guinea Coast. One is not afloat for nearly two years without learning and hearing things. So that for every tale which Mr. Brinjes had to tell, Jack had now half a dozen. And I remarked that, like the apothecary, Jack loved to figure as the hero in his own stories. This is a temptation to which men are all liable, and especially sailors; because, I suppose, they are looked upon by the world as certain to have had adventures; and there is no man in Greenwich Hospital who has never been wrecked, or cast away, or been attacked by savages and by sharks, or had a brush with pirates.

As regards the quality of these stories and the art of making and telling them, if there is any art in so simple a thing as the telling of a sailor's yarn, it must be owned that the apothecary showed himself the superior. For it is required of such a tale that there must be fighting in it, with much bloodshed, narrow escapes, starving in boats, pirates, and desert islands. All of these were supplied by Mr. Brinjes, whereas poor Jack had as yet nothing but his three battles. Bess, you may be sure, came to sit with us in the room behind the shop, and to hear Jack talk. She sat in the window-seat, her hands folded in her lap, gazing at her hero all the time, and speaking not a word save when Mr. Brinjes or I ventured to interrupt the flow of Jack's manly conversation.

Two days after Jack returned, the promised fight with Aaron Fletcher came off in my presence, and that of Bess, who, I believe, was the chief instigator of the combat—having a vehement desire to see Aaron punished for certain disrespectful words spoken in Jack's absence.

He was a little older than his adversary, and now bigger of frame, and as hard as was to be expected of a young man who spent his days and nights chiefly in a fishing-smack—he called it a fishing-smack—between Ramsgate, or Leigh in Essex, and the coast of Holland or of France.

They fought in the gardens behind the Stowage. It is beneath the dignity of history to describe an encounter with fists between two boys. Sufficient it is to say that Jack took off his coat laughing, and the other scowling; that they fought for an hour, with some vicissitudes—Aaron, so to speak, carrying heavier metal, but Jack handling his guns with more dexterity; that Bess stood by, clapping her hands when Jack's fist went home, and taunting Aaron when he fell—which made both combatants the fiercer; that, finally, Aaron was disabled, and had to retire from the conflict by the dislocation of a finger, which gave Jack the victory. But both were so mauled and bruised, their faces so covered with blood and swollen, that the battle must have ended in neither being able to see.

"I'll fight you again—and again after that," said Aaron, mopping his face, with dark and savage looks.

What did they fight for? Well, one was a gentleman, and the other a mechanic; one was a midshipman in the King's service, and the other was a smuggler. Surely these things were enough. If you want more, remember that, even at sixteen, a youngster may fall in love and be jealous. Aaron was already in love with the black eyes of Bess, who was now nearly twelve, but like a Spanish girl in this respect, that at twelve she might have passed for fifteen at least. And Bess, who would have none of him, thought of nobody but our handsome Jack.

CHAPTER VI.

"THE COUNTESS OF DORSET."

With the return of the fleets, and the signing of the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, came a great reduction of the naval estimates, which, in the year 1750, provided for no more than ten thousand men, instead of fifty thousand. This step, although it returned thousands of men to the merchant service, the coast service, the colliers, the fishing trade, and the river, sent back more than were wanted, so there was great distress with men out of work all round the coast, and a large increase of smuggling. Many regiments of marines were disbanded at the same time, and so men who, having been long engaged in active service, had lost the arts of peace and forgotten their former trades, were thrown upon the country seeking employment, and, for the most part, finding none. Again, from the dock-yards were dismissed an immense number of artificers, such as skilled shipwrights, carpenters, figure-head carvers, painters, decorators, and the like, besides a host of unskilled laborers, who had been receiving good wages, and now found themselves without work and for the most part without money. Add to this that the trade of those who get their living out of the ships and the sailors, and by navy contracts, was suddenly shrunk into nothing, like a bladder which is pricked, and you will understand why, though the country breathed and the merchants of London and Bristol rejoiced, the seaports and dock-yard towns groaned and lamented. As for the shipwrights, there is always employment for some in one or other of the private building-yards—such as Pett's or Taylor's, or in the repairing-docks, as the Acorn and the Lavender; but what are these even when working their utmost compared with the King's yards and their continual demand in time of war? It is true that a large number of disbanded soldiers, marines, and artificers received grants of land in Nova Scotia, and were transported thither. But there are not many in proportion to the whole number who can suddenly become farmers, and who fear not the cold of that inhospitable place. As for the unfortunate sailors, there were, to be sure, always new hands wanted for the merchant-ships; but a man cannot look to get a berth as soon as he desires; and other work they can do none. No one ever heard of a sailor following the plough, or becoming a shoemaker, or working in a carpenter's shop. It seems as if keeping the watch, bending the sails, and working the guns make a man unfit for other kinds of work. The disbanded soldier may turn his hand to anything, but not the sailor. So that when his pay and prize-money are all spent—which never takes the honest fellow long, so ready is the assistance of his friends—he has nothing to do but to lean against the posts, or to stand about the river-side, waiting for a chance. Often for a lodging he is reduced to sleeping on the bulks in the open street, and, for his food, to take whatever may be given him by the charity of his fellows. And at last, where this fails, if he cannot ship even on a hoy or a hay-barge, what wonder if he takes to running a fishing-smack over to France for brandy? And then one hears of a desperate affray with the King's officers on the Sussex coast; and these are the times when the roads become infested with footpads—men driven desperate by poverty, who might have remained honest fellows had they been kept to their colors or to their ships; and in the houses of Deptford, where there had been plenty, and the laughter of little children, were now crying women and hungry babes, with the dreadful temptations of poverty and hunger. I am sure there is no more terrible temptation than this; let us never cease, rich and poor together, to pray in the words commanded, "Give us this day our daily bread."

There are some who think that the custom of disbanding the troops and paying off the men is an evil one, because, they argue, first, if you would secure peace, be prepared for war, as is shown in lively fashion by the fable of Æsop; and if you are always ready to fight, the enemy will be less ready to give provocation; and next, a better plan, if the forces must be reduced, would be to diminish them gradually, by suffering those to go who wished, and enlisting no more, so that speedily and without injustice an establishment on a peace footing could be secured. But in the Navy Office prudent counsels have never yet prevailed (I say this not of my own wisdom, but from general consent of those who have had opportunity of studying things naval), and I suppose will not, until some great calamity befall our country, and make us call for neither Whig nor Tory, but for those who desire the greatness and the prosperity of these islands.

Sad indeed was the case of the younger officers—the midshipmen like Jack—who had little interest, and now feared that they might never become lieutenants. The more choking it was because everybody had been looking for a long war, with plenty of prize-money and quick promotion. And now, in the estimation of many, not only was peace signed, but it was assured, and would be lasting; because, these sagacious politicians of the coffee-house asked, why should France wish to make war again, having received not only so severe a lesson, but also terms of peace far more honorable than she could have expected? The events of the next few years have shown very plainly how anxious France has been to keep her word and to maintain peace. Perhaps, now that we have at last happily turned her out of Canada and the East Indies, and reduced her power in the West Indies, her turbulence may abate for a time. But one knows not; we are nearing the end of the eighteenth century, and we cannot tell what may happen before that end arrives. However, the merchant adventurer naturally desires peace, and therefore is ready to prophesy that peace will be lasting, because we are always glad to believe what we desire. I have heard that the activity of the French yards was never relaxed during these years of peace; certainly they never commenced any war with more magnificent fleets than those which they sent to sea a few years later, in the year 1756.

As for Jack, after being ashore for two or three months, and finding no prospect of employment, he began to hang his head and to be despondent, longing to be afloat again, and seeing no chance. In truth, there was little in a landsman's life that he cared for, being, at this period, not much better than a sea-cub, a species of animal little loved by any except those who know that he will grow into a lion. That is to say, he took no joy in reading, unless it was the description of a sea action—always, to my thinking, tedious to read. Jack, who did not think so, used to illustrate the history with the aid of walnuts placed in position, and showing, to his imagination, better than any drawing, how the fight was conducted. The gentle arts of poetry, music, painting, and dancing had no charms for him. He liked not the society of ladies, old or young, nor the polite conversation which pleases them; and as yet he had not felt the passion of love. I believe he was set against the sex by Mr. Brinjes, who loved no woman except such as had a black and shining skin, and lived somewhere about Old Calabar. As for Bess, she was the most congenial companion to him at this time, because she never tired of listening to his talk about the sea, and what he was going to do. But as for love, he had none for her at this time. Of this I am assured.

Everybody has heard of the *Countess of Dorset;* how she set sail in order to navigate the great Pacific Ocean, and never returned; and how for many years nothing was known of her fate any more than is known of the fate of Sir Cloudesley Shovel. It is matter for regret that the single officer who was saved out of that wreck and survived the incredible sufferings which followed should not have been able to narrate in lively and moving fashion the particulars of this grievous disaster. Surely a history as instructive as that of Commodore Anson might be made of this voyage. But now, I suppose, it will never be written.

Soon after the peace, the *Countess of Dorset*, which was lying up in ordinary, was fitted out in Deptford Yard. She carried an armament of forty-four guns, and was a frigate well reported as a sailer and for behaving well in heavy weather; ships being, as is well known, capricious in this respect; so that you may construct two vessels of exactly the same measurements, on the same lines, and yet, while one is easily handled and is obedient to her helm, the other shall be lubberly and difficult to steer; and one shall sail fast and the other slow: so that when any vessel is launched it is impossible to tell beforehand what she will be like, and one cannot judge by the behavior of a sister ship. As for her destination, it was as yet unknown; but some thought she was to form part of the Jamaica fleet.

One afternoon, however, the Admiral called Jack, and held a serious conversation with him.

"Thou art now, my lad," he said, "truly becalmed and in the Doldrums; or, worse still, in a leeward tide, and drifting on the rocks. In a word, if a berth be not found before long, thou mayst give up all further hopes of the King's navy. I am sorry for thee, lad. There is John Company, to be sure; they have a hundred vessels, they say; but their commanders are fond of their ease; and, besides, without interest in the India House, how can one hope for promotion? It would grieve me to see thee mate of a merchantman. Yet, what help?"

"I can ship as an able seaman, sir, as soon as I am old enough."

"Ay! ay! But we must hope for something better. Listen, my boy. I have this morning conversed with the Commissioner of the Yard, Captain Petherick, who has imparted to me a secret. The *Countess of Dorset* is bound for a cruise in the Southern Seas. I have, therefore, sent an application in thy name to the Navy Office. Because, Jack, though it is not the service I could have wished for thee, yet, seeing that there is little chance of anything better, we must e'en make the best of it, and if we get thee billeted on her as midshipman, we shall be fortunate. The voyage will be long and tedious. There will be no fighting, unless, which I doubt, the captain judges it well to seek out and capture the Manila galleon. They say there are islands out there filled with black pirates and cannibals, but I never heard of any honor to be obtained in fighting these poor devils. When you have gotten across the Pacific Ocean, there may be engagements with Chinese and Malay fellows. They have stink-pots and poisoned arrows. You will have to fight them at close quarters with pike and cutlass and boiling pitch, as well as with guns. But where is the glory of such an action compared with an engagement, yard-arm to yard-arm, with a Frenchman or a Spaniard of equal weight?"

"I should like to go, sir," said Jack, his eyes kindling.

"The Lord knows," continued the Admiral, "when you would come back again. And meantime, while you and your company were cruising in unknown waters, another war might break out, and you would lose your chance, which, indeed, would be the devil."

"But if no war break out, then my chance may be lost the other way."

"It would so, Jack. Perhaps we might get thee a berth—but of midshipmen there are plenty, and of ships in commission there are few. Yet the Commissioner tells me they have secret intelligence that the French are busy in Toulon and Rochelle. What doth this mean if peace is to continue? And complaints have been received from New England of infractions by the French. Is this a sign of peace? However, we know not. The King grows old; the young Prince is reported to be of a pacific disposition—but talking is vain."

Briefly, the Admiral's application proved successful. Jack was appointed to the *Countess of Dorset.*

When Mr. Brinjes heard of this appointment and the sailing orders of the ship, he showed a strange emotion.

"What?" he asked. "Thou too art going to the South Seas, Jack? Why, it may be that the ship—but I know not—'tis unlikely, or—which I doubt. Thou art young yet, Jack; but if I tell thee my secret, though without imparting, yet, the latitude and longitude, while in those seas, thinking of what I shall tell thee, and mindful of the future, thou mayst take observations, and when the ship comes home we will talk further of the matter. For look ye, my boy, I am sure that I shall not die before I have seen again that place—but wait until I have told thee. What? You think I am but a poor apothecary admitted to sit among gentlemen because I can cure their gout for them, and feared by the common sort because I can bring rheumatism upon them? You shall see. You think I have nothing but the few guineas in my till. Why, then, listen, and keep the secret for me; though, if all the world knew, no one would be one whit the for'arder. Yet keep the secret; and now, boy, reach me down the chart."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SUMMER WOODCOCK SHOOTING.

The woodcock is an ornithological tramp all the world over, whether hatched in the Iceland-moss lands of Norway or in the swamps of our Northern States. Its mysterious entrances and exits have been a nut that as yet naturalists have failed to crack. The European bird, which is one-third larger, and differs materially in plumage from its Yankee cousin, leaves the land of the midnight sun and scatters in a desultory way all over the continent to which it belongs, its winter ramblings extending from John o' Groat's House to the shores of the Mediterranean. In November it is shot in large numbers in Ireland and on the east coast of England, and later on the sunny hill-sides above Bordighera and by the rushy pools in the Roman Campagna. But although the woodcock of Europe is considered a gastronomic gem, it does not compare with the more abundant American bird in delicacy of flavor.

Our bird is a rover the country over, nor does it tarry long in one locality. During the winter it sucks its julep in the bayous of the South. When spring approaches it comes to Northern climes to twitter its evening serenade, which is the prelude to its brief season of making love. With the blossoming of the dogwood, Dame Woodcock's four spotted eggs are transformed into animated balls of mottled worsted, out of which pokes the point of a pink-colored knitting-needle. A generous worm diet soon makes the youngsters diminutive counterparts of their mamma, and when July comes in New Jersey, it is the early sportsman that gets the first bird.

Long, hot, sweltering days cause the fond parent and her little brood—for Pop Woodcock has proven to be a truant long before the family shells were cracked—to retire into the shady thickets of the swamps or mountain swales, from which the little party only come out to dance by the light of the moon. August is now at hand, and with it comes the period for doffing the summer plumage for the more beautiful one of autumn. Country sportsmen now say, "Th' burds is gone inter th' moult." The woodcock have certainly departed for some mysterious bourn, from which they do not return until the crisp days of October are upon us, and the full moon and frost nickel-plate the glorious garniture of dying summer. This, of all seasons in the year, is when common-sense, if nothing else, should dictate that woodcock should be permitted to be shot. The law-makers of New Jersey, however, have willed it otherwise, and direct that the birds shall be shot during the month of July. They are then to be found on what is known as summer ground. Let, therefore, the summer woodcock shooter anoint his person with pungent-smelling oils, for the mosquitoes and wood-flies are very thick. Let him inveigle for a monetary consideration some unwily countryman to be his companion, that if stricken by the sun he may be dragged by the heels to the nearest farm-house, or if by chance be bitten by a snake, to have some one suck out the poison. With a wet sponge in the crown of his hat, and a life-insurance policy at home to provide for exigencies—thus equipped, the sportsman may in moderate safety take to the swamps. It would be well for him to also take his gun, and if a dogless man, to borrow one or more from some friend.

The dog part of summer shooting is generally the great stumbling-block for all city men; for unless the pointers—which are by far the best breed for work in woodcock shooting in hot weather in this country—have been judiciously conditioned for the work at hand, they soon become fagged and burdensome companions. To prepare them for the sport, they should be exercised several weeks before the season opens, and their blood cooled by sufficient doses of sulphate of magnesia. Unless this is looked after, the dogs, and especially setters, are apt to be prostrated from the heat of the close cover, and likely enough seized with fits.

In these days it is no easy matter for the city sportsman to attend to all this, or to select the best ground for his summer shooting. Within the last few years large tracts of swamp lands in New Jersey, that were formerly the favorite haunts of the migrant, have been reclaimed for farming and pasture purposes. The woodlands have fallen as the land became more accessible to this city by newly constructed railroads, and the spring holes have been dried by systematic drainage. Yet there remain many places in the State where the woodcock is still sought and found, but not in nearly as large numbers as before the birth of the breech-loader. The country at this time has run shooting-mad. Almost every country boy has provided himself with some discarded muzzle-loading gun, and from the end of one year until another, except during the brief season of a little over three months, the woodcock, whether North or South, runs the gauntlet of distributed ammunition. For a fact, there is no migratory bird in the sportsman's list that is so continually hunted throughout the year. Yet some years, like the present one, when the breeding season has been propitious, woodcock again are found in their summer resorts in fair numbers. These places vary according to the quantity of rain that has fallen during the month of June. If it be wet, the birds are found scattered over the woodlands adjoining the swamps, and high up in the mountain swales. Should July be preceded by a drought, the birds concentrate in vast numbers in the lowlands, and during such times the bags made by good shots are often very large. Still there is no certainty where the woodcock can be found in sufficient numbers to repay the most ardent sportsman for the fatigue and discomfort which become part and parcel with the killing of the woodcock.

The ground that has almost swarmed with birds only a few days before the close season expires is found on the opening day to have been deserted by the erratic long-bills. Such disappointments often fall to the lot of the summer woodcock shooter, nor can the oldest inhabitant tell where the birds have gone, or whether they will ever return. Yet beneath the arching alders, by the side of some spring run, where the ground is oozy and rich with creeping life, he may be found *incog.*, dozing the day away. On the approach of the dogs he opens his great soft hazel eyes, and presses his mud-stained bill more closely to his breast. In this position he remains if the dogs are pointing near to him; should, however, they wind him from afar, he frequently struts off in great solemnity, with tail outspread, and winds his way through ferns and over moss-covered roots to some sheltered nook where he fancies himself secure. From this place, if started, he darts up with his shrill whistle, and dodging behind the leafy canopy overhead, skims the low brushwood, until falling leaves and floating feathers in the air tell the sportsman that he has killed with the eye of faith.

Franklin Satterthwaite.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A story from France describes a very singular experience of a young woman in that country. While she was walking in a thunder-storm, under the shelter of an umbrella, she experienced a sudden strange sensation which filled her with apprehension, but was seemingly without other result. It was only on reaching her home, half an hour afterward, and on removing her hat, that every bit of hair on her head fell to the floor, and that she learned that she had been touched by a thunder-bolt in a most delicate and remarkable manner. Her head was shaved as cleanly, the story says, as though the work had been performed with a razor. As soon as the young woman learned what had happened to her she was prostrated by nervous shock, and the physician who attended her gave it as his opinion that she would not recover for several weeks.

It was proposed to remove the body of an Italian patriot, which has lain buried here for forty years, to Italy, but a curious obstacle arises. An Italian official has written to the New York Health Department that the body cannot be allowed to enter Italy unless it is accompanied by an official certificate declaring that at the time of the patriot's death the city in which he died was free of contagious disease. The Health Department finds that he died here in August, 1846, and that small-pox, typhus fever, scarlatina, and whooping-cough were prevalent in New York at that time. The Department has so written to the Italian official.

When New-Yorkers are marvelling at the keenness of their discomfort with the thermometer in the nineties, they may find something to be thankful for, perhaps, by a contemplation of the weather possibilities in Montana. On July 14 the mercury at Fort Keogh reached 120° in the shade. What the suffering New-Yorker has a right to be thankful for is, of course, not that it is so hot in Montana, but that it is not so hot as it might be here.

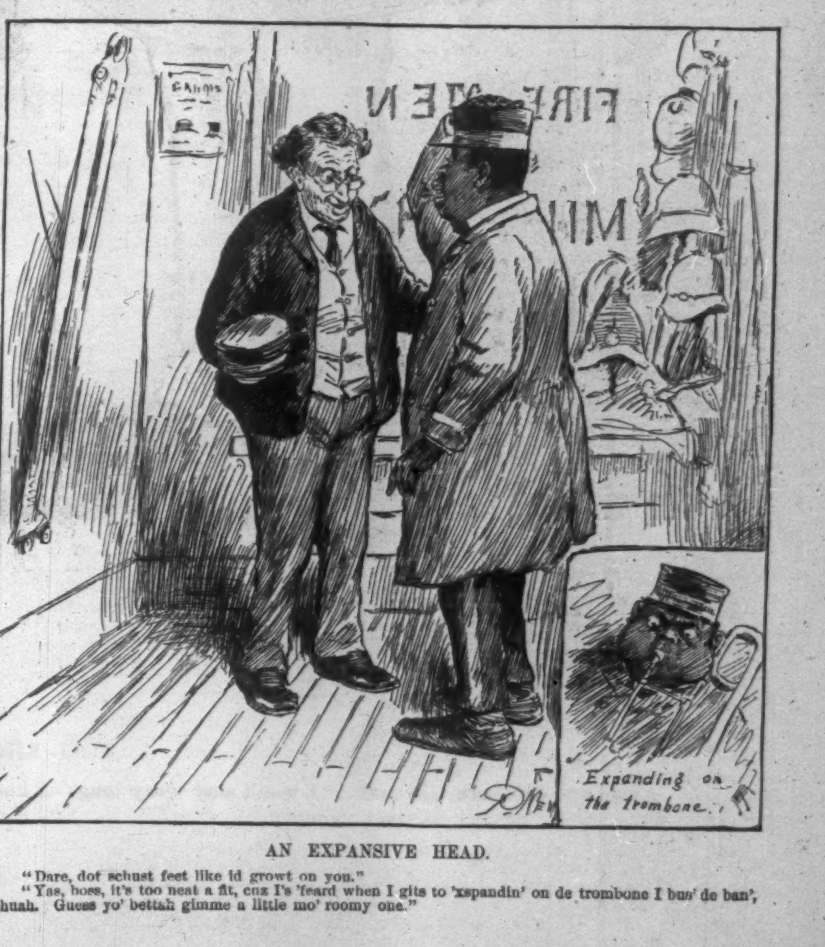
A French goatherd, who had faithfully husbanded his earnings for many years, carried eighteen hundred francs in bank-notes in his waistcoat pocket. He fell asleep on a warm afternoon in June last, and one of his goats, observing a bit of the money protruding from the pocket, nibbled at it, and had devoured nine hundred francs before the owner awoke.

A dentist in Cheyenne undertook to bore a hole in a perfectly sound tooth and to fill it with gold. He was a clumsy workman, and split the tooth in two. The patient upon whom this imposition was practised was a cow-boy. When the tooth broke, the cow-boy petulantly told the dentist that he considered him "no good," and went away. He returned in the course of an hour, having learned precisely the extent of the wrong to which he had been subjected. Seizing the false dentist by the throat, he hurled him upon the floor, and snatching up a pair of forceps, proceeded to pull one of his largest and most useful teeth. The shrieks of the dentist brought in a number of citizens, who beheld the cow-boy kneeling upon his victim's chest in the act of pulling a second tooth. They forced him to desist from his revengeful purpose, which was to remove all the teeth in the dentist's head.

Two small farmers in France, according to a Paris newspaper, in a fit of drunkenness, set out to determine which one could swallow the greater number of silver five-franc pieces, each to furnish his adversary's supply. (A five-franc piece is about the size of an American silver dollar.) One of the farmers was all but choked by his second piece, and was removed to the hospital suffering great pain. The other swallowed twelve of the pieces, and it is not recorded that he suffered any inconvenience, though any one has a right to suppose, in the absence of further information concerning him, that he died.

John David Hudson, a young Englishman, on Easter Monday, 1884, rescued from drowning a young Italian lady who had fallen from the pier at Southend into the sea. The lady died in May last, and left Hudson two thousand pounds. Her brother, says *Galignani's Messenger*, has added three thousand pounds to the bequest, and the whole sum of five thousand pounds is to be invested for the young Englishman's benefit.

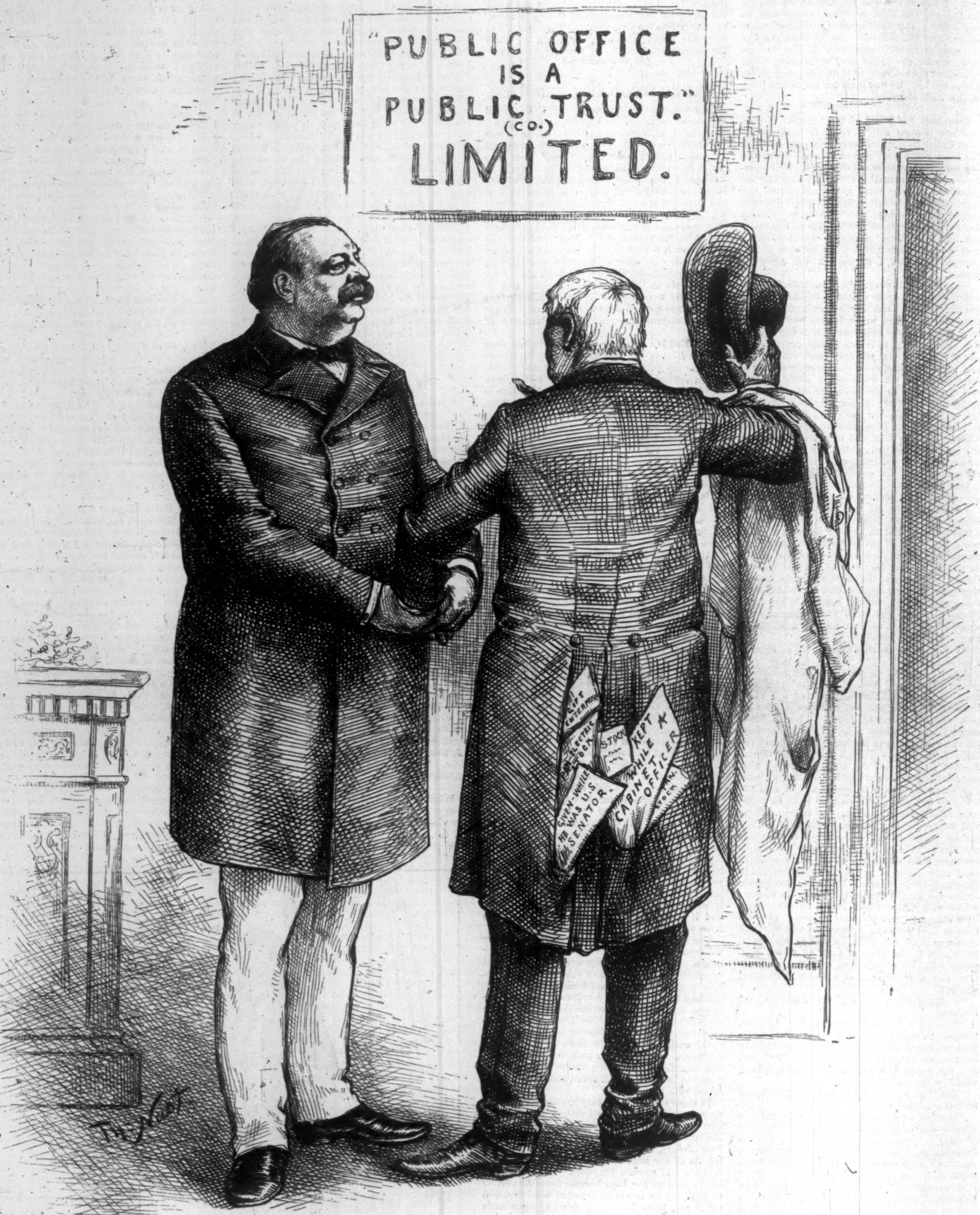
Forty-nine tons of snails are eaten daily in Paris. The snail in France is called the "poor man's oyster." "The best kind of snails," says the London *Standard*, "come from Grenoble or Burgundy. The finest specimens are carefully reared in a snail park, such as the poor Capuchin monks planned in by-gone days at Colmar and Weinbach, when they had no money to buy food, and so cultivated snails. But the majority are collected by the vine-dressers in the evening from the stone-heaps where the snails have assembled to enjoy the dew. The creatures are then starved in a dark cellar for two months, and when they have closed up the aperture of their shell, are ready for cooking. According to the true Burgundy method, they are boiled in five or six waters, extracted from the shell, dressed with fresh butter and garlic, then replaced in the shell, covered with parsley and bread-crumbs, and finally simmered in white wine."


Expanding on the trombone.

AN EXPANSIVE HEAD.

"Dare, dot schust feet like id growt on you."

"Yas, boss, it's too neat a fit, cuz I's 'feard when I gits to 'xspandin' on de trombone I bus' de ban', shuah. Guess yo' bettah gimme a little mo' roomy one."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STOCK
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GIVEN—WHILE HE WAS U.S SENATOR.
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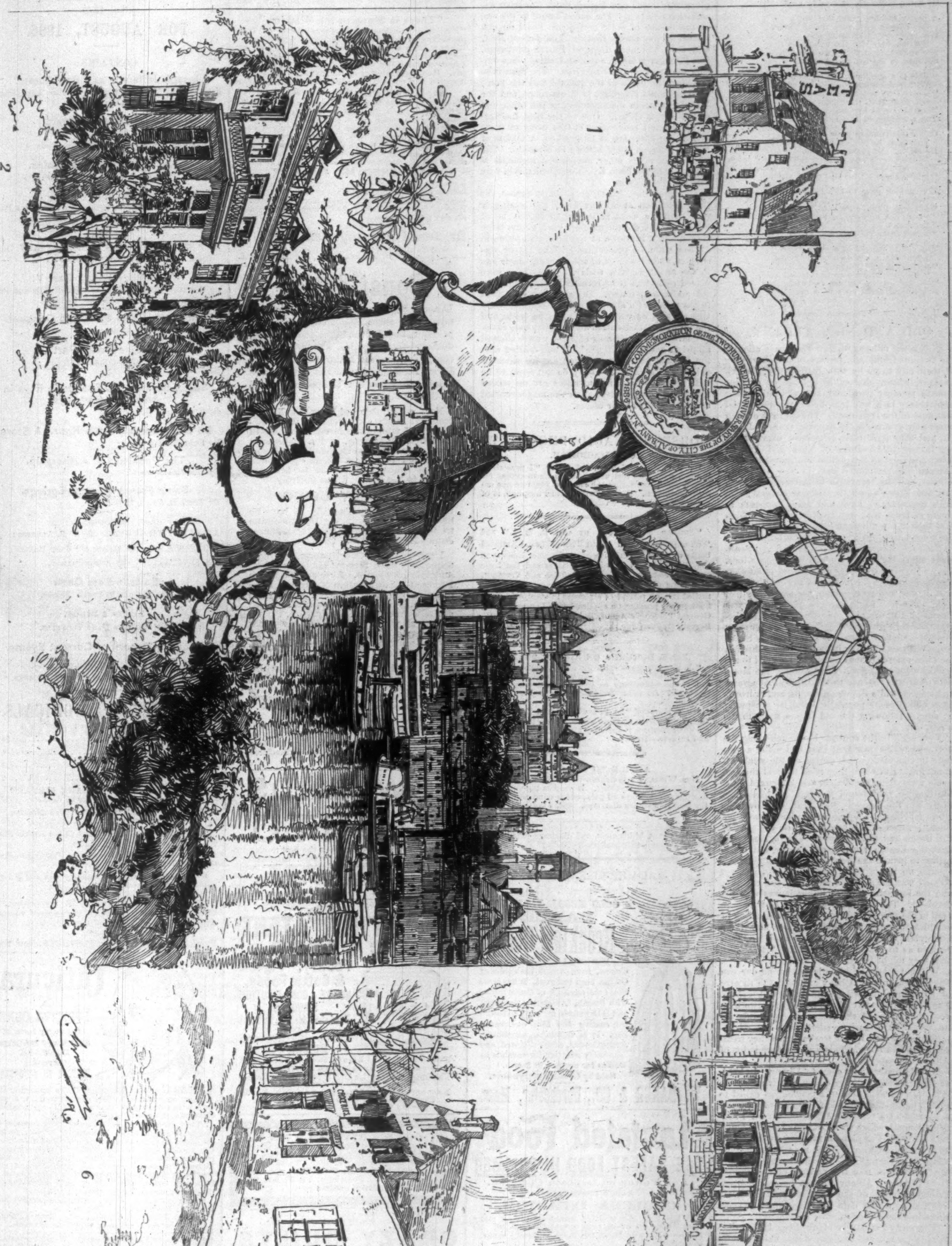
Th. Nast

A TOO SHORT VACATION.

Attorney-General Garland. "I won't stay away long. I know how you will miss such an embodiment of your noble sentiments."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IN COMMEMORATION OF THE TWO HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE CITY OF ALBANY, N.Y.
C. Graham

THE BICENTENNIAL OF ALBANY—THE OLD AND THE NEW.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 478.]

1. The Staats House. 2. The Schuyler House. 3. The Old Church. 4. The City from the River. 5. The Van Rensselaer House. 6. The Pemberton House.

YOUTH AND MAID.

A YOUTH beloved of science walked
  Within the summer field one day;
He deeply mused upon the ant,
  And classified them all straightway,
The wonderful varieties
Of flying birds and humming bees.

A pretty maiden came that way;
  Her cheeks were rosy as the pinks,
Her eyes were blue as violets,
  Her laughter like the bobolinks':
She smiled upon the learned youth,
So busy in his search for truth.

"This is a specimen," he sighed,
  With sadness growing in his heart.
"I fear I do not understand.
  Oh, what is it, the subtle art
That baffles all my power to find
The workings of this simple mind?"

Colder his courage grew each day;
  The more he studied her bright eyes
He sighed and sighed; the maid was gay;
  Looked down and laughed the summer skies.
When wrinkled autumn crossed the field,
"I love," was all his lips could yield.

The maiden gave to him her hand;
  She gave her heart with smiles and tears.
"Ah, now I read your soul," he cried;
  "And not in vain the toil of years."
"Because I let you, sir," she said;
"Yours from the very first I read."

The youth beloved of science grew
  Less lofty in his own conceit.
"Science is great," he pondered long;
  "She may bring wise men to her feet,
The world upon her fingers twirl,
But cannot catch up with a girl!"

SUSAN HARTLEY SWETT.

OLD AND NEW ALBANY.

WHILE the citizens of New York have allowed the two-hundredth anniversary of the chartering of their city to go by with little notice, the Albanians, whose charter is only three or four months younger than ours, are celebrating their anniversary in a way that belies the proverbial slowness of the Dutchman. The charters of both cities were granted in the expiring years of JAMES II., and they took their respective names from his former title—Duke of York and Albany. After the English Revolution the government of LEISLER was repudiated both in New York and Albany, and the transition to the reign of WILLIAM and MARY was both easy and natural; and both communities have had many interests in common from that day to this, although, from first to last, ten different flags have floated over the colony, the province, and the State.

The early movements of the French and Spaniards along the upper Hudson were mysterious. They were after treasures of one kind or another that would offset the wealth of the Dutch in the East Indies, and they seldom told what they had seen. The first navigator who dared to tell was HENDRICK HUDSON, and even he was enraged because, after passing the Highlands, the river grew smaller instead of emptying into the great South Sea. Without knowing it he had passed through the only water-way that nature had opened to the interior of a continent. Thus Albany, like Montreal, owes its existence to the head of tide-water at its doors, while the roads, canals, and railroads have added to its population and its prosperity by simply following the old Indian trails to the westward.

Very early in the contest the French along the northern border saw that they had made a mistake in committing themselves to the weak Algonquins. But when they tried to steal the Iroquois away from the Dutch, and afterward from the English, they found the task impossible, so fairly had the Iroquois been dealt with by their white neighbors. There was diplomacy and political acumen of the rarest kind on the part of the Dutch and the Iroquois. The outcome was that the French never took Albany, but chose rather to invade the New England colonies. Although no battle was fought at her doors, yet Albany was the strategic capital of the colonies, and the importance of retaining it was well understood. The significance of this fact may be read in the repeated but unsuccessful attempts of enemies to make the Hudson River and Lake Champlain continuous from New York to Montreal, so as to cut off the New England colonies that they might be destroyed in detail.

Without this brief historic outline no one can tell the reason why Albany has been the theatre of so many interesting and important events. The very topography of the country for two hundred miles around the city was responsible for its being. The early settlers were not adventurers; they were honest workers, and they treated the Indian fairly. This was the foundation of Albany's prosperity.

A still greater honor came to Albany. In 1754, at the suggestion of the crown, nearly all of the colonies sent delegates to a convention called to plan a more effective union. FRANKLIN proposed a scheme of a General Assembly with a President-General, which was strikingly like the American Union. The plan, in fact, led to the Union at a later date, although the convention did not adopt it at that time. The immediate effect of the convention was the driving of the French from Canada. Albany did not become the permanent capital of the State of New York till 1797, since which date the Legislature has met there in annual session.

The city of to-day is many times larger than the little stockaded settlement that existed down to the Revolutionary war. It is no longer confined to a little strip along the river where the basements are filled with every flood. It has grown up the ravines and over the hills, till its streets have become a by-word for unevenness. But the cobble-stones are rapidly giving way to Belgian blocks, and the Albany of the future will not be the laughing-stock of the traveller.

While the new City Hall, the High School, St. Peter's Church, the new Capitol, and a few other buildings mark a new era in the appearance of Albany, yet it is a matter of profound regret that so many of the old Dutch houses have disappeared within the past fifty years. The VANDERHEYDEN palace, the LYDIUS house, and many others, have been succeeded by business blocks, and even as we write one of the oldest structures has given way to the new Young Men's Christian Association building. The oldest house is the one at the corner of State and South Pearl streets, known as the Staats House. The date is 1667, and here was born General PHILIP SCHUYLER. The PEMBERTON house, a famous trading-place outside the stockade, still survives. The SCHUYLER mansion, the home of the general, and the place of HAMILTON'S marriage, is in existence, and the VAN RENSSELAER manor-house, at the other end of the city, is closed. One of the best features of the present celebration is that many of these interesting spots are to be marked by tablets of bronze whereon their history is recorded. The memory of many other unrecorded incidents is kept alive by the Loan Exhibition, which is in very successful operation.

The immediate cause, or perhaps excuse, for the celebration at Albany being the issuing of the charter, a word in regard to it may be of interest. The document itself covers nine large sheets, and it is shown at the Loan Exhibition in a good state of preservation. The mayor was coroner, and also clerk of the market, which was in the street as it is to-day. Heavy fines were placed upon him if he refused to take the office and perform its duties. The aldermen were fined in like manner for non-performance of duty. Only free citizens were allowed to carry on trade, and the interests of education and religion were closely guarded. The citizens of Albany were allowed all privileges of hunting, fishing, and trading with the Indians, but they must not dig for silver or gold. The citizens of to-day do not seem to be thus restricted, and no instances are on record where the modern alderman or the mayor refused to take and hold their offices.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
FOR ALCOHOLISM.

DR. C. S. ELLIS, Wabash, Ind., says: "I prescribed it for a man who had used intoxicants to excess for fifteen years, but during the last two years he has entirely abstained. He thinks the Acid Phosphate is of much benefit to him."—[*Adv.*]

"SUMMER SAUNTERINGS BY THE B. & L." and "Winnipesaukee and About There," two illustrated books of travel, descriptive of the Summer Resorts of the White and Franconia Mountains and the Lake and Hill country of New Hampshire and Vermont, with hotel lists, tours, time-tables, maps, etc., will be mailed free on receipt of six cents in stamps for each book to pay postage, on application to LUCIUS TUTTLE, General Passenger Agent, Boston and Lowell R. R., Boston, Mass.—[*Adv.*]

PROF. DOREMUS ON TOILET SOAPS:
"*You have demonstrated that a* PERFECTLY *pure soap may be made. I, therefore, cordially commend to ladies and to the community in general the employment of your pure 'La Belle' toilet soap over any adulterated article.*"
CHAS. S. HIGGINS' "LA BELLE" BOUQUET TOILET SOAP Being made from choicest stock, with a *large percentage* of GLYCERINE, is specially adapted for Toilet, Bath, and Infants.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

HEADACHES, billiousness, and dizziness cured by the use of a genuine Holman Pad.—[*Adv.*]

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It is the Most Nourishing, the Most Palatable, the Most Economical of all Prepared Foods.
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HIRES' IMPROVED ROOT BEER. Packages, 25 cts. Makes 5 gallons of a delicious, sparkling, and wholesome beverage. Sold by all druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents. C. E. HIRES, 48 N. Delaware Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

A DEATH SENTENCE.
Some time ago Mr. D. H. Hoag, of Lebanon Springs, N. Y., was attacked with Hemorrhage of the kidneys and bladder. In spite of all his physician could do, the hemorrhage continued ten days. He grew rapidly worse, when two of the most eminent surgeons of Albany were called in consultation. Mr. Hoag had often said to his medical attendants,
"There is Stone in the Bladder."
"No," they exclaimed," "there is no stone," but both physicians agreed in saying "There is no hope for you." It was a death sentence. "With the loss of hope my mind sank into a pitiable condition. At this time my attention was called to Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. Hope again sprang up within me, and I resolved, if spared long enough to make the experiment, to give
Dr. D. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy
the same chance to help me as I had already given the physicians. I took the medicine four days and saw a change for the better, and in six weeks from the hour this great life-saver first passed my lips I walked a distance of one hundred rods. I visited Dr. Kennedy, at his office in Rondout, N. Y. After a careful examination he confirmed my opinion. There had been a stone, and the medicine had disintegrated it, and
DELIVERED ME FROM IT.
I am now well. One thing I am sure of, and I say it both as a warning and as a word of cheer, at the same time, if I had not taken Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy just when I did I should long ago have been six feet under the sod."
PREPARED BY
Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y.
Sold by all Druggists. $1 a Bottle, 6 for $5.

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Is a universal and most troublesome disorder. It causes Headache, Mental Depression, impairs the Sight and Hearing, destroys the Appetite, and, when long continued, causes Enlargement of the Liver, Inflammation of the Bowels, and Piles. Constipation is speedily cured by Ayer's Pills.

For a number of months I was troubled with Costiveness, in consequence of which I suffered from Loss of Appetite, Dyspepsia, and a disordered liver. My eyes also troubled me. I was compelled to wear a shade over them, and, at times, was unable to bear exposure to the light. I was entirely
CURED BY USING
three boxes of Ayer's Pills. I have no hesitation in pronouncing this medicine to be the best cathartic ever made.—James Eccles, Poland, Ohio.

I suffered from Constipation, and, consequently, from Headache, Indigestion, and Piles, for years. Ayer's Pills, which I took at the suggestion of a friend, have given me effectual relief. I commenced taking this remedy two months ago, and am now free from Constipation, the removal of which has caused my other troubles to disappear, and greatly improved my general health.—W. Keeler, Amherst, Mass.

I suffered from Constipation, which assumed such an obstinate form that I feared it would cause a stoppage of the bowels. Two boxes of Ayer's Pills cured me, completely.—D. Burke, Saco, Me.
Ayer's Pills,
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
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ODONTO
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MAGAZINE
(No. 435)
FOR AUGUST, 1886.

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The City of the Strait.
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By EDMUND KIRKE. Profusely Illustrated;
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By C. A. DOUGHERTY. With 29 Portraits;
Springhaven. Part V.
By R. D. BLACKMORE. Illustrated by FREDERICK BARNARD and ALFRED PARSONS;
Orchids.
By F. W. BURBIDGE, F.L.S. Illustrated by W. HAMILTON GIBSON and ALFRED PARSONS;
Their Pilgrimage. Part V.
By CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER. Beautifully and Profusely Illustrated by C. S. REINHART;
Epilogue to "She Stoops to Conquer."
Illustrated by E. A. ABBEY;
The Home Acre. Part VI.
(THE CURRANT.)
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By RICHARD T. ELY, Ph.D.;
De Barbadoesa's Little Hour. A Story.
By LUCY C. LILLIE;
The Penalties of Authorship.
By JOHN HABBERTON;
Some French Mineral Springs.
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VERONICA. By the Author of "John Halifax;"
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Editor's Easy Chair.
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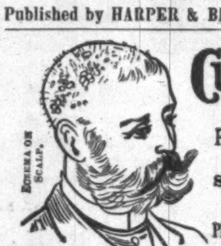
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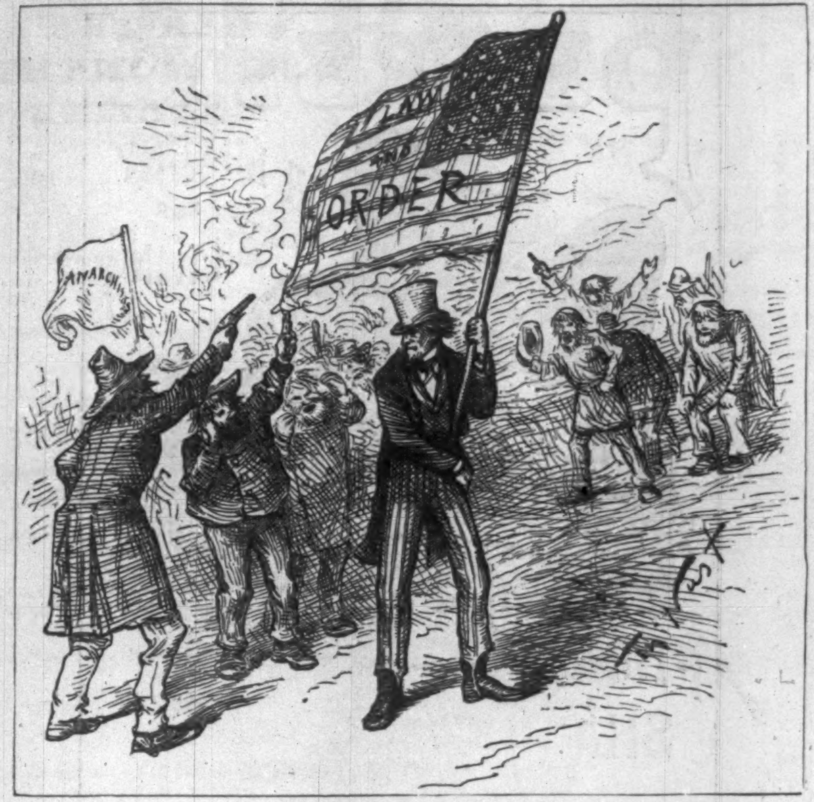

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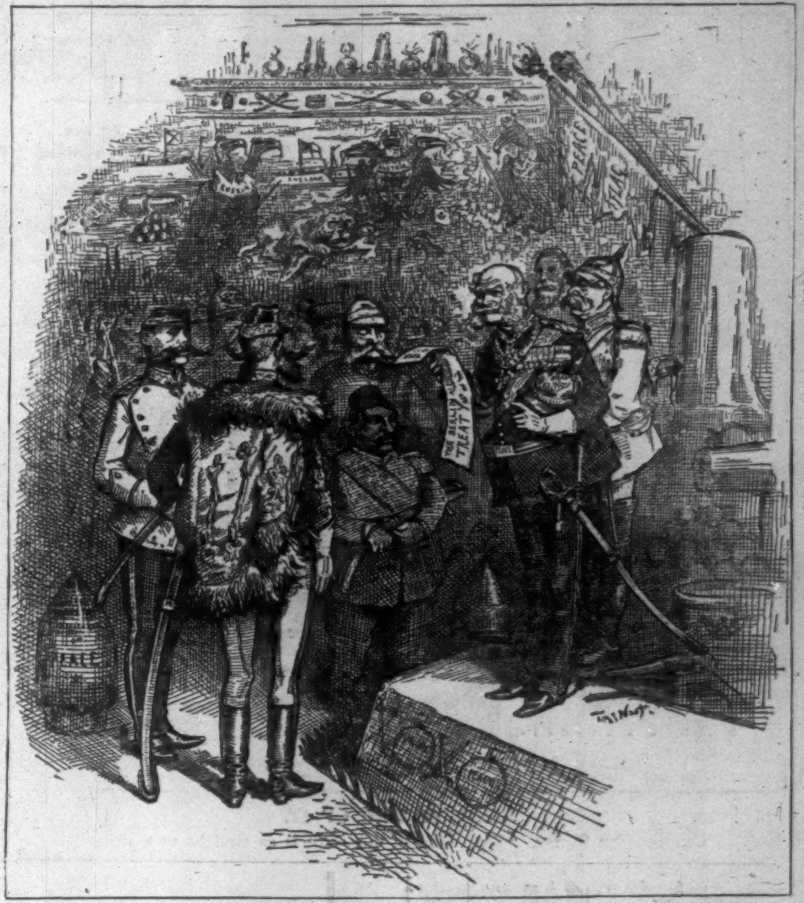

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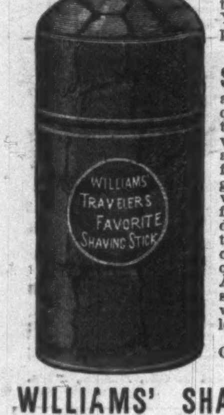
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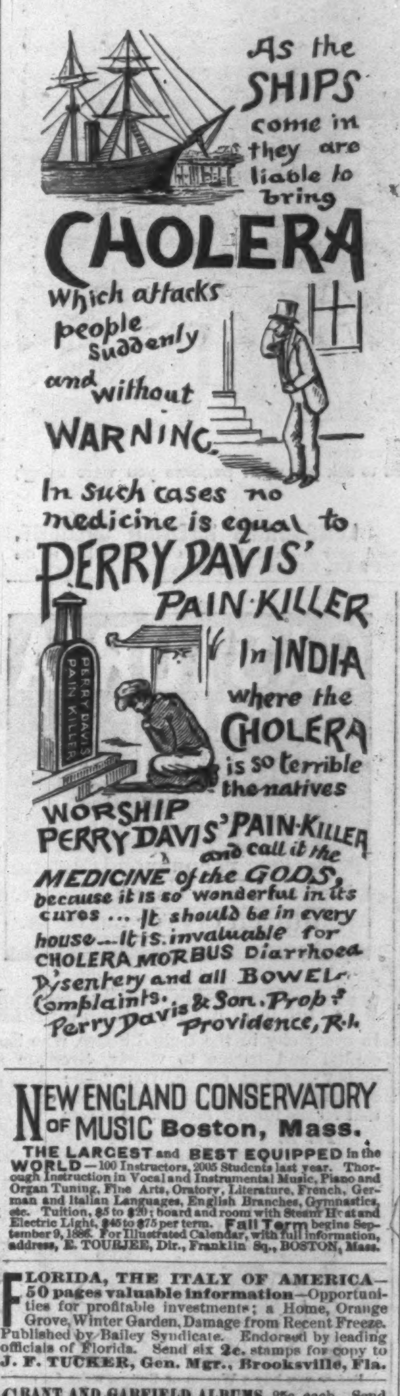
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